

Palmoral
Hall

Volume 1
1951

SMITH - VINCENT
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WINNIPEG

Balmoral Hall

(Formerly Riverbend and Rupert's Land Schools)

WINNIPEG



Residence and School Building

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

conducted under the auspices of the Anglican and United Churches

Balmoral Hall is ideally located. Eight acres of land surrounding the buildings provide ample space for summer and winter sports. In addition to the required academic subjects, classes are given in ART, MUSIC, DRAMATICS, PHYSICAL TRAINING and DANCING.

Kindergarten to Grade XII

For prospectus and information concerning admission for September, 1951

Write to

The Head Mistress: Miss G. Murrell-Wright, B.A.

Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Manitoba

(From Irene Dickson)



BALMORAL HALL

EDITORIAL

THE YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY was indeed an eventful one. With its promises of peace and prosperity, it brought the shocking announcement of Communist aggression in Korea, where the Korean War still threatens the peace of the world. The important events of the year were not, however, limited to foreign fields, for here in Winnipeg the scene of the Assiniboine and Red River floods attracted world-wide attention. In the midst of this turmoil and confusion, even when the flood waters were at their peak, other events were taking place. These were to mean much to us for they resulted in the birth of Balmoral Hall.

We are still very young, but we are old enough to realize the firm foundations on which we are building and the fine traditions which we have inherited from Rupert's Land Girls' School and Riverbend School for Girls. Inspired by past traditions, but bound by new loyalties, we must endeavour to make Balmoral Hall worthy of its inheritance, building on a firm foundation new patterns for the future. It has been interesting though often difficult to create these patterns, but they are now beginning to gain significance, and we are proud that it has been our privilege to select the House names, to design the school crest and to choose the school motto, all of which are milestones in our brief history.

The creation of a school crest and motto was not a matter to be taken lightly but entailed great thought and effort on our part. As yet, while they are still so new, we may find it difficult to feel the allegiance that is due them. But until such time as our allegiance becomes true and steadfast with the years, they must be protected by each of us, for in them may be found the basis upon which to build our new traditions. In the crest, wisdom is suggested by the four white pillars—and here at Balmoral Hall are opportunities for infinite wisdom and greater understanding. The wavy lines at the base of the crest represent the tranquil flow of the storied Assiniboine on whose banks we live and in whose beauty we may ever find peace. The eagle, flying high in the crest, symbol of fortitude and power, will always inspire us to aim high, challenge us to be firm in our convictions, and to be satisfied only as we move ever onward and upward Seeking Better Things—*Meliora Petens!*

WENDY SMITH.





MISS G. MURRELL-WRIGHT

My dear Girls:—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

This quotation has been in my mind so often since I have come to live in Winnipeg, that I am going to make use of it in this my first letter to you. The "old order" has indeed changed for you and for me and it is up to us to open wide our minds and discover for ourselves the good that lies in new customs, and to appreciate the privilege of being pioneers blazing new trails for ourselves and for all who join us at Balmoral Hall.

In the same poem Tennyson said, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of", and our outstanding achievement this year, the happy amalgamation of two schools, each with its own tradition and its own individuality, which amalgamation at this time last year was but a vision, cannot be attributed to our efforts alone for God has surely "fulfilled Himself in many ways."

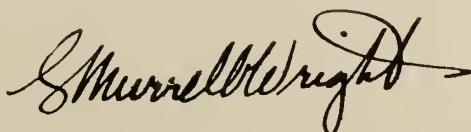
Our accomplishments this year may well be reviewed for the sake of the many who may not know how proud we are to be the possessors of so rich an heritage and how busy and ambitious we have been to effect a happy union combining the best ideals of our parent schools. Balmoral Hall opened its doors last September and at that point it was evident that the "old order" had changed. There was a new name, there were new uniforms, new surroundings for some of us, you were new to me and I was very new to you. Where were the familiar customs and the traditions of the past? Indeed the old order had changed but once we were *not* new to each other, and had become accustomed to new routine we moved with greater confidence and so progress continued and a spirit was born which will be your school spirit as it grows with your enthusiasm. When you look back on this first year you will remember with a thrill of excitement that you helped to select our House Names—Braemar, Craig Gowan, Ballater and Glen Gairn, and you will remember that you were consulted about the design of our crest and so for you it will have a special meaning.

In September you will be wearing this crest with its eagle to give you courage, its pillars to fill you with a desire for wider knowledge, its river to remind you of your beautiful surroundings and symbolizing the ever moving life-stream within this school, and your motto to inspire you at all times to be SEEKING BETTER THINGS.

To those of you in Grade Ten whose privilege it will be to carry on the torch from those who graduate I say that there is much to be gained in accepting the responsibilities of this school, as you in your turn, become its leaders.

And finally, I give my very best wishes to those of you who are graduating. You will realize that because the old order is changing again for you, it will be necessary to adapt yourself to your new life whatever you may be doing. If you would accomplish anything worth while and have a measure of happiness, then choose an ideal, be loyal to it, fight for it with abiding faith, and in time realization of this ideal will surely come.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Muriel Wright".



JOHANNE WINTEMUTE and JUDY SKENE

VALEDICTORY

Dear Girls,

It seems impossible for me to realize, as I sit at my desk writing to you, that I am about to complete my eleventh year at school. These years, filled with laughter, housepoints, tears, detentions and examinations, are said by some brilliant philosopher who undoubtedly had never gone to school, to be "the best years of our lives". On several occasions I have had cause to doubt these words, but I have been told that when I am out alone in the world, I will agree with him wholeheartedly!

Eleven years ago, I never dreamed that I would be Head Girl of a school, and I certainly never thought that I would be Head Girl of two schools now amalgamated. Yet here I am trying to give you some learned words of advice as a Head Girl should.

We are faced all our lives with challenges, but certainly this year has presented the greatest challenge of all. When the Boards of Riverbend and of Rupert's Land met last spring to form Balmoral Hall, they had high hopes for the future of this new school. After they had done the paper work, we had to put their dreams into reality and to establish, in the one short year left to us, a school of which we could be proud. Just as a paragraph must have unity and coherence to be good, so must a school. Just as an army must march ever forward, so must a school. It has been our privilege, and our responsibility, to make the first year in Balmoral Hall's history a good year. We have earnestly tried to do so!

It has been a difficult year and yet we have surmounted many obstacles. There are, however, many more to be overcome. These I pass on to you who will return. I pass on also the responsibility of continuing the important task that we have only just begun. It has been an interesting year and I cannot express how much I have appreciated the honour of being your Head Girl. I know that the Head Girl chosen for 1951-1952 will have a wonderful and rewarding year, and I wish her every success.

To the girls, prefects and members of the staff, I wish to extend my sincere thanks for the help which they have given me this year, and to Miss Murrell-Wright my deep gratitude for her ceaseless understanding and guidance.

Finally, good luck to the graduates, and happiness and success to all at Balmoral Hall!

With love,

JOHANNE WINTEMUTE,
Head Girl.



THE PREFECTS

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Moira Morrison, Janet Bleeks, Johanne Wintemute.

MIDDLE ROW (left to right)—Annie Lou Ormiston, Margaret Lougheed, Mary Hope McInnis.

BACK ROW (left to right)—Sally Dangerfield, Donna Patterson, Geraldine Schoepp, Diana Morton.

School Song

Balmoral Hall, thy friendly walls,
Thy lofty portals and thy halls
Are dear to us, and e'er shall be
Because we owe a debt to thee.
For leafy trees and river banks,
For happy hours we give thee thanks.
Balmoral Hall, Balmoral Hall,
We lift our voices, students all.

When it is time for us to leave
And higher honours to achieve,
We'll think of thee, our own dear school
Where we were taught the Golden Rule.
For earnest work, whole-hearted play
For friendships to enrich our way,
We lift our voices, thankful all,
Balmoral Hall, Balmoral Hall.

*Written by an Old Girl for a New School—
to the tune of Tannenbaum.*



MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE

BACK ROW (left to right)—Ann Caroll, Daphne Hanson, Lorna Craig, Judy Carr, Frances Macfarland, Lois Macdonald, Joan Davidson, Judy Patton, Claire McCallum, Mary Hope McInnis, Barbara Parliament, Diane Fraser, Nora Ann Richards.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Sally Dangerfield, Janet Bleeks, Wendy Smith, Geraldine Schoepp, Diane Calder, Annie Lou Ormiston.

Magazine Executive, 1950 - 51

<i>Editor</i>	Wendy Smith
<i>Business Manager</i>	Geraldine Schoepp
<i>Photography</i>	Annie Lou Ormiston
<i>Sports</i>	Janet Bleeks, Katharine Wood
<i>Advertising Convenor</i>	Barbara Parliament
<i>Art</i>	Sally Dangerfield, Daphne Hanson

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Ann Caroll	Lois Macdonald	Mary Hope McInnis
Lorna Craig	Joan Davidson	Diane Fraser
Judy Carr	Judy Patton	Nora Ann Richards
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Senior Literary Work

THE ROSE

A garden, in the glory of summertime, is a magnificent sight with the yellow daffodils dancing in the breeze and the heavenly blue delphiniums raising each little cup to the beak of the hungry humming-bird. There are bright flowers; there are flowers of subdued tones. There are flowers that hug the moist damp earth and those that raise their beautiful heads high above its surface, striving to reach the warmest depth of the sun's rays. Some are mere buds making a valiant effort to burst through the strips of green shrouding their hidden colour, while others have reached the magnificence of full bloom as a gangling child suddenly bursts forth into the flower of womanhood. These are indeed a glorious sight, but none can compare with the rose.

There is magic in each soft petal of the rose and magic in each dewdrop that caresses its surface in the dampness of morning. Whether dripping with raindrops or bursting forth in all its brilliance under the summer sun, the rose is a picture of beauty, for the raindrops turn to diamonds at its touch. A rosebud, protected by its green coverlet, is like a baby hidden in the folds of a warm woolly blanket, contentedly sleeping under the watchful gaze of its mother. In the most obscure corner of a garden the warmth and blushing beauty of the rose overshadows and diminishes the surrounding brilliance, and its delicate fragrance delights the most critical nose.

Through the years, the rose has caught the fancy of the artist, the writer and the composer and has been the inspiration behind many beautiful and artistic compositions. For behind its simple beauty there is a hidden meaning and at the sound of its name all the pure and good things of life are brought to mind. In its genuine simplicity and radiant beauty, the rose is truly "Queen of the Flower Garden".

WENDY SMITH,
Grade XI.

A STORM AT SEA

Darkness,
A storm,
And a lovely ship
Tossing in an angry and turbulent sea,
A stark, black outline
On mountainous waves
That splashed against the sides
And swished
Across the deck.

Stinging spray
Leaped in the air.
Icy winds
Lashed the weather-beaten ship.
Mercilessly
She was lifted
By the commanding waves
And then let fall.
Again, and again she rose
And fell.

Cold, and dark
The wild sea night
Became a chill and welcome dawn.
A shout!
Ahead—the bridge
The harbour
And safety.

MARY HOPE McINNIS,
Grade XI.

NEW LEAF

This resolution is so good
I'd be a fool to break it,
In fact, I like it more and more
Each New Year that I make it.

LOIS MACDONALD,
Grade X North.

OUR CLASSROOM

There at the end of the long hall is a classroom where the early morning sunshine streams in through the windows, and lights up each rugged desk. All is quite still, but it is yet very early and this quiet room silently drinks in the sunshine while it waits for its big family of Grade Elevens. The tops of the desks show many an imprint of some girls' diligent work with a bobby pin and a pen. Yes, there are initials on the desks—initials of girls who used the same desks years before I was born. The blackboards shine with cleanliness, the books stand like soldiers upon the neat, tidy shelf, and the waste paper basket stands clean and empty.

Then comes the sound of voices—the sound of life in the school. Familiar footsteps are heard coming toward the Grade Eleven classroom. Yes, it is the dear teacher, the first to arrive. She enters our still classroom and for a good ten minutes relaxes in the hard-backed chair enjoying the tidiness of her home-room, and awaiting her first "morning glories". Soon the herd begins to amble in. Some smile; some throw their books on their desks and leave the room. She hears someone running outside in the hall, but is rather afraid to go and see who it is for fear of being knocked off her feet. She knows so well that the running girl belongs in her classroom. The Grade Eleven room already looks different. Books lie scattered here and there. One can smell the aroma of egg sandwiches escaping from the many brown bags lying scattered around the room.

Our classroom is filled not only with books and desks but also with twenty girls, each with a different personality. This is what makes the small Grade Eleven home very dear to each member in the class. The classroom couldn't be a sentimental memory without remembering all the fun, all the troubles, arguments and jokes we have shared many times a week. Once we were locked in the room. How we laughed as we nearly tore the door open! Another winter day one of my fellow classmates left a window open and we nearly had a snow drift form on the well-polished floors. The fun we have is incalculable!

Our classroom couldn't be dear to us without mentioning the poor ones who attempt to make us smarter individuals than we were the previous year. How they must suffer in our cluttered up kingdom of which we're so fond.

As four o'clock draws near, we survey our wonderful classroom once again. Yes, its appearance had greatly changed. The sunlight no

longer shines through the windows. The tops of the desks are not nearly as tidy as they were early in the morning. They lie coated with dust and books. A strange fog seems to engulf the room. One who knows classrooms will recognize it at once to be chalk dust. The tiny particles float here and there over walls and windows. The boards are not the shining black colour they were "dans le matin". They are a drab and dowdy grey with ledges heaped to the very brim with chalk dust. The waste paper basket stands filled to the top with tiny balls of writing material within a circle of paper which missed its open jaws. The shelf is covered with orange peal, torn paper bags and blotters. Even the pictures look tired as they droop to one side. Oh well, it's four o'clock, the end of another school day. Soon our home will be cleaned for tomorrow and another day in our beloved classroom.

JANET BLEEKS,
Grade XI.

"TIS EXAM TIME

'Tis nine o'clock—
We drag to rooms
In single file
To meet our dooms—
For 'tis exams.

For hours we sit—
More tired we get—
And angry too
With those who set
Such hard exams.

Two hours are up—
We're half-way through—
A half hour more—
What shall we do?
And still we sit.

"Pass papers in"—
We sit quite dumb—
Regretting what
Can't be undone
In these exams.

ELAINE PROTHEROE,
Grade VIII.



WHAT SCHOOL DO YOU ATTEND?

"What school do you attend?" is a question all of us are asked frequently during the year. This year when we replied, "Balmoral Hall", our answers were often met with a blank expression. This expression, although as old as man, was something new to former Rupertsland and Riverbend students. In former years when a Rupertslander or Riverbender answered this question by "Rupertsland" or "Riverbend", their answers were met with smiles of recognition. But the turn of the half-century brought something new for the Protestant Private Schools of Winnipeg.

The Boards of Rupertsland and Riverbend agreed that the two schools should amalgamate to form one good girls' school between the Great Lakes and Vancouver. This school would be situated on the former Riverbend site while an additional building would be constructed. But Mother Nature thwarted this plan, for the Red River Flood came upon us and the new building was not able to be built at once. This was not going to interfere with "Balmoral Hall's" beginning, for on Sept. 6, 1950, the doors of Balmoral Hall were opened to its first students.

Miss Murell-Wright, our Headmistress, and members of the former staffs of Rupertsland and Riverbend, welcomed us to Balmoral Hall, and to a year filled with endless surprises and thrilling experiences. To this day, their promise of new experiences and surprises, has not failed, and every-

day in the first year of Balmoral Hall's history, we have been face to face with some new challenge.

With the election of Head Girl, Games Captain and Prefects, the first term passed swiftly. Then in January, 1951, we named our four houses — Braemar, Ballater, Glen Gairn and Craig Gowen. These names were chosen to foster enthusiasm and house spirit in all our future competitions.

The sports' activity continued within the school and we took part in the city High School and Volleyball and Basketball Leagues. Although the Senior Volleyball team did not make the Sport headlines of the city's newspapers, the teams fought and played their games well, showing good sportsmanship. They never gave up and always hoped for success in the next game. These games fostered school spirit.

We who have lived through both pleasant and disturbing days at Balmoral Hall, feel that as the school has been growing, we too have been developing in mind and manner. Although many of us will not be back next year, wherever we may be, and whatever we may be doing, the thought of Balmoral Hall will be with us. May you, the girls whom we leave to "Pull Together", mould a school of which Winnipeg may be justly proud, and may you receive the smile of approval when you answer "Balmoral Hall" to the question "What school do you attend?"

DONNA PATTERSON.
Grade XI.

THE AVERAGE STUDENT

Why do we go to school at all? I have never yet found a satisfying answer to this question, but since we all spend at least eleven years of our lives in the halls of learning, it is appropriate that the bare facts of this existence be brought to light. Let us look in on an average day of an average student of Balmoral Hall, and learn some of these facts. . . .

At some unearthly hour of the morning, perhaps seven-thirty, the average pupil is rudely awakened by a shout in her ear. She opens her eyes with a start, closes them again, remains in a state of semi-consciousness for some minutes, and then quietly falls asleep. She is promptly awakened for a second time by a second shout in her other ear. She then makes a valiant effort to rise and is, after some time, successful. With ten minutes to dress, eat breakfast, and leave for school, she throws on her clothes, drinks a glass of milk, and leaves on the run (without hat, scarf, gloves or boots) to catch the eight-thirty bus.

Ah! After much running and waving of her arms, she has managed to arrest the attention of the bus driver (who very kindly has stopped the bus) and is now sinking back with a sigh into the one remaining seat. (How lucky!) She is looking at her watch. What!? She is going to be late. Well, never mind, she will have thought of a feasible excuse by the time she reaches school, for after all she is an average student!

Morning lessons have begun, and the average student is seen sitting in her average desk with a look of average intelligence on her average face. Now she is being asked to translate some French, and with a wild look at the blank face of her neighbor, she rises and begins stumbling desperately through the paragraph. Alas, she is not successful. She will be given extra homework for her efforts. English class is now in progress. She likes English and spends an enjoyable thirty-five minutes learning grammar. What now? Algebra. She has forgotten to do her homework. Another lot of extra work descends upon her.

Recess arrives and the average student is off like a shot to get her milk and doughnut in the "milk and biscuit" room. No sooner is she munching happily than a bell rings and she must go back to class. Her History has not been learned and her Chemistry problems have been forgotten. This must surely be one of her bad days, but no, it is an average day.

The ring of a bell announces the lunch hour, commonly known as the noon hour, but incorrectly so, since it doesn't begin until twenty to one. The average student rushes madly downstairs and lines up in the corridor with the rest of the mob. Lunch over, she goes for a walk, dropping in at the store on the way to buy a chocolate bar. She returns to school and joins in the singing at the piano.

At ten minutes past two the average student is seen returning to the classroom for afternoon lessons. Once more she sits in her average desk and pays average attention to what is going on around her. She wears a sad, weary expression on her face, which is made even sadder and wearier (if that is possible) by the realization that she must endure a Biology class. Suddenly her interest is aroused. The Biology class is to be spent in the lab, looking at things through a microscope. She makes her way with her lab coat over her arm, thinking that perhaps a change of scenery will be invigorating. She is sadly mistaken, for she returns from the lab in worse condition than when she went. It has been too much for her average brain. The thought of Geometry doesn't revive her, and a second History period is the last straw.

Four o'clock has come and gone and the average student is putting on her running shoes for a basketball game. What jolly fun! The game is over by five o'clock and at quarter to six she is wending her way toward the bus stop, a huge pile of books in her arms and a bus ticket clenched tightly in her teeth. When at last the bus arrives, it is filled to the door. She only just manages to get inside. Will she never get home? Yes, eventually she crawls into the house, just in time for dinner (or was she perhaps a little late?)

Ah! How nice to get some food inside her. She feels she could fall asleep immediately, but there are dishes to be done, and after dishes—homework. Yes, there is always homework, stacks of it every night for this poor, average student. Will the day never end? Oh what heaven to climb into bed and do nothing but sleep, sleep, sle-e-ep. . . . The curtain falls gently on the "Drama of the Average Student".

SALLY DANGERFIELD,
Grade XI.

I hear your daughter is a deep student.
She's always at the bottom of the class, if that's what you mean.

MY FIRST YEAR AT BALMORAL HALL

On the first day of school everybody was very excited because Balmoral Hall was opening for its first year. At prayers we all looked very funny as we didn't have any uniform.

Then there was the task of choosing a Head Girl for the school. There were a number of girls nominated, and Johanne Wintemute was the girl chosen. Next we chose a school Sports Captain—Janet Bleeks. These girls were given cords to wear to show their office.

Soon we had grey tunics with white shirts but no ties as yet. After that we chose prefects, who were also given green cords. We received our green ties and then our grey blouses.

After that we made a few rules, and formed houses which we called 1, 2, 3 and 4. Then a campaign was initiated to name the houses. After a long period of thought and activity, the houses were named Braemar, Ballater, Glen Gairn and Craig Gowan. Now a school crest is being chosen. Our school motto is Meliora Petens.

All these activities represent what has been done in a very short time at Balmoral Hall. The future will provide many new tasks for us.

NANCY BLEEKS,
Grade VIII.



I.



II.



III.

ADA RICE,
Grade XI.

A GOOD REST

With a tired and heavy hand, I lift my pen to write this essay entitled "A Good Rest". How wonderful is the word "rest"! What calm and peaceful thoughts it brings to mind. But I must not dwell too long on the word "rest" itself, or I shall not be able to catch my six hours sleep before school tomorrow morning.

We are living in a restless age. Thousands of watches on thousands of wrists tick by the busy hours of a busy day. Students in schools and colleges literally "slave" over a hard, wooden desk from nine o'clock 'till four o'clock with only a brief recess at noon for lunch. Likewise, patient teachers do their best to help them gain knowledge, the ever-present vision of June examinations always before their eyes. Then after the school day is over, a refreshing game is all that is needed to ensure complete exhaustion for the students. Four hours of homework then complete an evening. This unfortunately is just a bare outline of a school day and does not include all the little "extras". How wonderful it will be to get into University and work no longer.

In all walks of life, people are working themselves into a state of exhaustion. Office-workers are learning to type faster and faster. Everything is moving at a greater speed; cars, trains, airplanes and atomic bombs are constantly being perfected. People don't walk up escalators any more; they run!

A department store on a Saturday afternoon is a perfect example of a tired, rushing mass of humanity. Women browse around the hat counter for several hours in search of apparel for a hundred oncoming teas which they don't want to attend. Finally, worn and bedraggled they push their way to the door, resolving to "make do" with the dozen or so hats that they already possess. How foolish it all is! As we follow the crowd out of the store at closing time, we realize that to reach our homes, we need the help of a bus. There we stand and bus after bus goes by. Oh, there's an Academy Road bus coming now. My goodness, it's not going to stop—it's already full. A Stafford bus, an Osborne bus, a Corydon bus, a Stafford bus, a Stafford bus . . . another Stafford bus. How strange! Finally after approximately three quarters of an hour, an Academy bus does come along. But it is full of tired people and goes by. Oh, well, it is only a short walk home!

Tired husbands go home to their wives. The husband envies the wife. How lucky she is to be

able to stay in a nice comfortable home all day and do nothing, except perhaps have her mother-in-law in to tea. Little does he realize the number of dishes she has washed, the house cleaning she has done, the big washing she has done, and the two meetings and three teas she has been to that afternoon.

If only we could just stop everything for one day, and rest. If only all the business offices, stores, schools and factories could all stop. Could we but see ourselves as a restless, overworked people, perhaps we could slow down our tempo of living. But that day of complete rest will never come on earth. Hospitals, doctors and nurses must carry on. These workers of mercy must always be on duty. And so the busy world goes on, day after day.

With a tired and heavy hand, I close my essay, for the clock is ticking faster and faster and I simply must get six hours of sleep before morning.

MARY HOPE McINNIS,
Grade XI.

FAREWELL

I sit and think in our classroom
Of a day that will soon be here,
When some of us will graduate
And others leave school for the year.
We'll miss our friends and our teachers,
Whom we see now from day to day,
But we will remember them dearly
As we journey along life's way.

DORIS TUCKER,
Grade XI.

Gail: "Late again, Cathy!"

Cathy: "I got up late and only left ten minutes to dress."

Gail: "I can dress comfortably in that time."

Cathy: "Yes, I know, but I wash."



Balmoral Hall

BALMORAL CASTLE

Balmoral Castle, parish of Crathie and Braemar, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, is the private residence of the British Sovereign. It stands nine hundred and twenty-six feet above sea-level on a natural platform that slopes gently down from the base of Craig Gowan to the margin of the salmon-teaming River Dee, which is crossed by a wonderful suspension bridge. This castle and the estate were bequeathed to Queen Victoria in 1852 from her husband Albert, Prince Consort, who had acquired it through Sir Robert Gordon.

It was the Prince Consort who, finding the old castle not sufficiently commodious for the Royal Family erected a new one—at a cost of one hundred thousand pounds. The castle was in Scottish Baronial style of architecture in white Crathie granite.

The castle consists of two separate blocks of buildings, united by wings. Inside the walls are

papered with tartan and the floors are covered with rugs of the Balmoral tartan which the Prince Consort himself designed. At a distance the castle has a strong and imposing appearance, looking almost as if it had been hewn out of one huge rock. From the many high turrets, one of which is one hundred feet high, can be seen a commanding view of the surrounding districts. To the west can be seen Braemar, to the north Glen Gairn, while one mile to the south on the hill Craig Gowan, stand the memorial monuments of Queen Victoria, Albert Prince Consort, Princess Alice and other members of the Royal Family of Great Britain. Nine miles to the west is the railway station of Ballater. Notable people of the Victorian Era and a good many of the Edwardian and the Georgian Eras have stepped down on its platform as it is the station for Balmoral Castle.

DAPHNE HANSON,
Grade X South.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

To me, there is nothing more enjoyable than the production, preparation, and presentation of a play, and for the past few years, I have had the pleasure of acting in a number of delightful school plays. As soon as the short period of depression following the results of Christmas examinations is over, a new feeling seems to emerge in the school. Then, we realize that it is time to think about our annual presentation of class plays.

For a few days, the peace of the Cornish Branch of the Winnipeg Public Library is disturbed by excited girls in search of books containing all the plays that have ever been written. Then, arguments ensue as to which play should be chosen, but at last the "Perfect Play" is found. Then a director must be chosen. Girls must be appointed to look after properties, costumes, and make-up. And last, but certainly not least, the cast must be chosen. How well I remember "trying out" for a part several years ago. The director shoved a copy of the play into my hand and ordered me to begin reading at once. I opened the book, and in a gruff English voice began to read. Suddenly, the director shouted.

"No! No! A thousand times no! You're supposed to be a woman!"

With a slightly red face, I carefully raised my voice an octave or two and began again. The choosing of a cast certainly must be an exasperating job for the director!

After all this has been accomplished, we are so exhausted that we feel we cannot go on, and there is usually a rest period of a week or two before we gain the strength needed to commence rehearsals. Immediately, problems arise. There is not five minutes in the entire school week when the whole cast can get together for a rehearsal. Slowly the difficult weeks pass. All parts are learned, and the play improves and then gets worse again at various intervals. The date is set for the performance and the days slip by unnoticed.

Then, one day, you walk into the school gym, and there, straight in front of you is a peculiar-looking piece of apparatus. Upon inquiry, you learn that it is called a stage. The complete dress rehearsal takes place the next day, and everything that could possibly go wrong generally goes wrong. According to a poll conducted among a group of famous actors, this is a very good sign. They say it means that the final performance will be perfect. What a consolation this is!

After a sleepless night, the great day dawns. Most of breakfast, a portion of lunch, and a great deal of dinner is left untouched. Suddenly, and without warning the evening comes. And there you are, standing in the wings with shaking knees and chattering teeth. The director then comes backstage to tell you that the sound of chattering teeth is quite audible out in front where the audience is assembling, and that you'd better try to be quiet.

The lights dim, and a hush settles over the audience. Then . . . it is time, and you walk out on the stage. Above you are the glaring, white lights. In front of you are thousands of terrifying eyes, two of them in each terrifying face. Oh, dear, you have become so fascinated with these eyes, that you have forgotten to speak your lines. Then, in a flash, you remember, and you are absorbed in a little story of which you are a part. The most important thing for you to do now is to live that part for the enjoyment of your audience.

After it is over the sweet sound of applause is like the sun coming out in all its brilliant glory after a storm. It is hard work, but it is certainly worth it for the wonderful feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment which you derive from taking part in a play.

MARY HOPE McINNIS,
Grade XI.

NOSTALGIA FOR THE FARM

O! to be back on the farm again,
Back where the corn stands high,
Back where the bales of greenish hay
Are piled till they reach the sky.

The sun seems to shine more brightly,
The moon has a softer glow.
The days seem longer, warmer,
And gone are the memories of snow.

The sweet country air seems fresher;
It helps you to feel alive,
The people are more friendly
And everything seems to thrive.

O! to be back on the farm again,
Where threshers and balers roar,
Where tractors are lumbering heavily—
I long to return once more.

FRANCES MACFARLAND,
Grade X North.

SARAH AND THE NIGHT

It was two o'clock in the morning, and Miss Sarah Toopingham was asleep in bed in her little apartment, as any proper, law-abiding person should be. Her day had been pleasant and uneventful, like all her other days, and she had had a pleasant evening reading the church periodical news. Perhaps now she was having a nice dream about the forthcoming Ladies' Aid Society tea at which she was to give an exhibit of her crocheted tea-cosies. The clock in the hall ticked endlessly on.

Suddenly the silence was shattered by a piercing shriek, followed by running footsteps clattering somewhere overhead—then a crash. Again there was dead silence. Miss Toopingham's dream had now shifted from a tea party to a bombing raid, and presently she began to wake up, with a vague sense of confusion. It was just then that there was another scream—this time followed by several more shrieks and the sound of a great deal of running about on the upper floor. Miss Toopingham was now fully awake. Her first impulse might have been to pull the bedclothes over her head, but our Sarah was not altogether a cowardly woman and her curiosity began to get the better of her, so she rolled out of bed, (if a woman of her quality could be said to roll), put on her bedroom slippers, cautiously opened the door, and advanced bravely into the hall. She was just about to mount the stairs, when there was a most terrifying shout of a man's voice and a muffled explosion like a pistol shot. Miss Toopingham, now completely unnerved, gathered up her night dress above her knees and fled back to her own rooms where she dashed insanely to the telephone, dialled a number, and began to gibber, between gasps, something about "house . . . falling down," "thieves" and "murder". After that she sat bolt upright in her rocking chair, tensely awaiting the police. The noises upstairs had calmed down a bit by this time, with only an occasional thump being heard now and again. Then all of a sudden there was the sound of a door opening and a great rush of sound issued forth — shrieking, shouting, scuffling . . . and something else. Miss Toopingham gave a start. That other sound was laughing, or was it singing, or both? Yes, the mystery had at last solved itself, with embarrassing results for Sarah Toopingham. The entire police force would arrive any minute to settle not a murder or a theft, but her landlord's birthday party!

ANN JENNINGS,
Grade X North.

THE GOLF BALL

The tee is placed,
The ball is set,
The player takes his stance.
Now for a long
And easy swing,
He must not lift his glance.

The follow through,
That powerful stroke,
The ball wings into flight,
Breaks through the air
Like shot from gun,
And now is gone from sight.

JOEY ADAMSON,
Grade X North.

MY FRIEND THE CAT

I have always been very fond of cats, but the one I thought was the most exceptional, was a cat called Tinker. He was a very snobbish pure-bred Persian, and he wouldn't associate with other cats. He had always been pampered by his mistress and refused to touch anything except the thickest cream and red salmon. During the war when it was impossible always to get these two items, he would nearly starve. Instead of lapping his cream up, he dipped his paw in and licked the cream off his paw.

He had many tricks and some were funny and some were cute. His mistress had bought him a pair of dark-rimmed glasses and she would put these on his nose, and he would sit on his hind paws and hold the newspaper in front of him with his front paws as if he were reading it. He was never "put out" like other cats, but when his mistress went for a drive in the car, she put him in the back seat with a shawl around him and a bonnet on his head and the glasses on his eyes. He also could play a wonderful game of baseball. He would sit on his hind paws, and when his mistress threw the ball, he would hit it with his paw. Sometimes he could catch it with his paws.

He finally died at the age of twenty-one (cat's age), or about ninety (man's age), but we all remember what a smart cat he was.

MARY TUCKWELL,
Grade VIII.

A BOARDER'S UTOPIA

This is the story of a dream that I had before I entered a boarding school. Before you become a boarder, you must have had a dream of what it would be like to be one. Well, the dream is over for me now, so I don't suppose it will hurt if I tell you what I once dreamt.

I'll start with the bedrooms. I dreamt of walking down a long carpeted hall past doors upon doors until I came to Room 13—my lucky number!

"This," said the house mother, "is to be shared by you and another girl." I pushed open the door, and there was a lovely room! It contained twin beds with matching dressers, two desks, book shelves, a radio, a record player, and two big arm chairs. Off the room was a tiny, private bath. In an alcove over by the big bay windows, was a piano. I was so pleased with my room that I could scarcely wait to see what the rest of the school would be like. Just then a prefect came in and offered to help me unpack and then we proceeded on a tour of the school.

The prefect took me down the long hall up which I had previously walked so shakily, and then down a flight of stairs into another hall. I was led into the cafeteria dining-room. On the other side of the hall was a canteen. The prefect then took me outside to the boarders' chief delight, a swimming pool.

After I had seen the grounds, the prefect asked me in to the canteen to have a coke. There she told me what we could do. This is what she said.

"The weekends are from Friday at four o'clock until Monday at nine o'clock. We can go out three nights a week on special dates until eleven o'clock. The lights may be put out anytime before twelve o'clock. We are allowed to wear slacks to the cafeteria and in or on leaving the school, if desired. Last of all, there are no bells buzzing."

I asked her how we could possibly know when to get up, and when to eat. The prefect replied, "A record player playing jive music does the trick. It makes us hop."

If you plan to be a boarder, please do not expect all these things. After all, it was only a dream of a Boarder's Utopia.

BETTIE MAE TOWNSEND,
Grade X North.

AN ATTEMPT

Oh dear! Oh dear! I've racked my brain,
To write a poem, but all in vain.
I think that I shall never be
A famous name in poetry.

I've used my brain to no avail,
I'd better find some words or fail.
The line's too short, should be extended,
I think it's time this poem ended.

And so the rhymes I leave to you,
And bid you all a fair adieu.

LORNA CRAIG,
Grade X North.

A THRILLING TRIP

We reached the wicket, and purchased our tickets. The dumpy little man at the gate tore them in two, and handed us our stubs. My heart was beating wildly and my knees were very wobbly, but I knew I must go through with it now. I glanced about, and seeing all my fellow passengers heading in a group towards the circular machine, I took my friend's hand and dragged her towards the place of our doom. We found our places, and firmly settled ourselves.

The little man threw a quick glance our way, and smiled reassuringly. We began to move, slowly at first, and then a little more quickly. Soon we were zooming around at an uncanny speed. Our ears felt funny, and our bodies felt oddly light. I suppose we were far away then, because I began to hear strange music, which grew louder. All about me I saw strange blotches of colour. Soon, to my immeasurable relief, we began to slow down.

Several small children had started to cry, and my stomach felt oddly unsettled. The coloured blotches began to take the shape of people, and the haunting music grew softer. Gradually we came to a stop, and I was never so glad to set my feet on the ground in all my life. I looked about at my fellow travellers, and saw a variety of expressions on their faces. Most of them were slightly green. I walked unsteadily towards the gate, feeling a little sorry that my journey was over. Ah well, we can have another ride on the merry-go-round tomorrow.

JOAN DAVIDSON,
Grade IX.

OVERHEARD IN A BALMORAL LOCKER

It was seven-thirty in the morning. This was a most dreaded time for the occupants of Locker No. Blank. For at this hour the handle of the locker door began to joggle up and down to awaken them. The shorts turned over sleepily and the gym socks tried very hard to get out of the running shoes. The old shorts muttered to the socks to get back where they belonged and promptly went to sleep.

At two minutes to nine the owner of Locker No. Blank came dashing in. The old shorts groaned as a heavy metal lunch pail was thrown on top of them. The hook felt a little unsteady as a heavy coat, a blazer, a play costume, and a green balaclava were flung on to it in a matter of seconds. Rubbers landed on the running shoes and rudely awakened them. Angry words followed but these the student didn't hear. She was on her way, taking the stairs three at a time.

Peace was restored when the blue dancing tunic finally cooled down the ruffled laces of the running shoes. The coat began to tell of its exploits at a party the night before. The green balaclava questioned the truth of some of the coat's statements and a prize fight began. After about half an hour of this, during which all those who possibly could, had climbed to the top shelf of the locker to be out of danger's way, a bell rang. Much noise followed outside the locker. The door suddenly opened. The lunch pail squeaked as it was quickly grabbed, and opened; its contents were speedily demolished. Then it was thrust back and the gym equipment was yanked out, and put on. In went the tunic, and the door once more was slammed shut. Between this time and noon hour, the tunic told all that had happened in the class-room during the morning.

"That's all you can talk about," yelled the lunch box.

"Now you've hurt my feelings. I can tell when I'm not appreciated," sobbed the tunic, and the door opened and the student, just as if she had heard all, came and rescued the tunic.

Locker No. Blank was just like Grand Central Station. Everyone always seemed to be coming and going. Now in came the gym equipment and out went the lunch box. The gym equipment was nearly in tears, for the student had let herself take one breath and the fastener on the shorts had burst.

The lunch box came back empty and hungry. And what happened that afternoon? Well, a small, insignificant bottle of ink at the back of the shelf was jealous of the attention the coat was getting so it removed its cap . . . ah, but the details are too sad to relate.

ELAINE PROTHEROE,
Grade VIII.

DICTIONARY-ITIS

I am one of many fortunate people who enjoy consulting the dictionary. I love to start from the A's and progress from there. Although I may get to the word I want quite soon, it is very unlikely, for I am a person who starts out on the right track but gets distracted by other words.

Last Wednesday, I was delighted to find that I needed the help of a dictionary. I was looking for the word "sincere". I knew the meaning of the word but I wanted to find out from what language it was derived.

Glancing through the A's I saw the word "abracadabra". I took a second glance and found that it was a mystical word—a word worn on an amulet to ward off disease.

Having found that I was getting nowhere, I decided to hurry on and I skipped to G which was a considerable leap, before I was attracted by the word "gargoyle". I gave that up as soon as the explanation contained too many big words. Because time was getting short, I thought that maybe if I made a game of some sort, it would keep my mind on the right path. I turned to the S's and invented a game of seeing how many words I could recognize. This went on until I was suddenly stirred by finding the word I was looking for in the first place. After finding that it was derived from both French and Latin, I closed the book.

SUZANNE FLOOD,
Grade VIII.

Gail: "Miss Hawkes, what is the difference between well and good?"

Miss Hawkes: "I have noticed that the only time you are good is when you're not well."

TERESA THAIN,
Grade X North.

HONG KONG

As I woke up that morning, everything seemed the same as it had been for the last few days. I scrambled down from the top bunk—there were twelve bunks plus two babies' cribs, a washbasin and a table and our luggage in a cabin, the dimensions of which were about twelve by twelve. I might add, that the bunks were in three layers. I got up and pulled on my clothes. The breakfast bell clanged and we went in and took our meal. After that, I went up on deck. As I walked about, enjoying the fresh air, and loving the roll of the ship, I overheard someone say that we would reach Hong Kong today. I became terribly excited and ran to tell everyone I knew. The hours passed and then, on the horizon could be seen a bluish cloud that seemed to hang above the ocean. It came nearer and nearer. Soon the shapes could be seen. There was a hilly island and then the mainland. Hong Kong was the island and it was about a mile from the mainland. Tug boats came out to meet us, and our ship shrilled a greeting. By this time everyone was on deck, waiting, watching. The boat was pulled in to the pier. Warehouses towering above it seemed almost to be falling into the water, old and weather-beaten as they were.

Then began the fuss and bother of the shore passes. That over, we went to bed. I woke up the next morning with the feeling that there was something unusual in the air. The cabin was swaying. We were standing still. It all came back to me—we were standing still, docked at the harbour of Hong Kong, and, today we would go ashore.

After a hasty breakfast, we walked or rather ran, down the gang-plank onto Chinese soil. The idea was that we would go to the mainland by ferry, and see the sights there. We could explore Hong Kong the next day, as we were staying there three days. According to our friends, we would be obliged to get camphor wood chests. Our special friend knew of someone who made them. As we walked the streets, I looked very carefully at the feet of all the Chinese girls, and to my great disappointment, none of them were bound. We passed shop windows where beautiful objects were displayed. In one window I saw an extremely pretty fan, which I had to buy. I was prepared for an argument, but to my surprise I was allowed to buy it. Chinese money is in dollars, although their dollars are of much lower value. At last we got to the chest maker's. After examining the chests, we decided on three. Mummy, Bill and I were to have one each. Bill's and mine

were to be early Christmas presents. I chose one heavily carved with Chinese figures. On the side of the box, the carving showed a Chinaman pulling a rickshaw, while the top of the box displayed a festival scene. On the borders were deeply carved roses. Mine cost twenty dollars—a robbery there, but to us a bargain, as at home the value would probably be five times as much. Camphor wood has a beautiful scent.

The next day we decided to explore Hong Kong, as yesterday we had explored Kowloon. We donned topies and sun glasses since it had been quite hot the day before. Hong Kong is quite a small island, the middle part being a hill. To get to the top you go up on elevator trains. Going up, the scenery is beautiful, but when you get to the top, it is breathtaking, for you can see for miles. We took pictures of course, for who is found in a foreign country without his camera? There we enjoyed the view while we waited for the next train down.

That night, we left Hong Kong to continue our journey, and I wondered, as one does when one leaves a country, if I should ever see Hong Kong again.

JOAN SHEPPARD,
Grade X North.

HOMEWORK

Why do they give us homework?
Why must we slave all night
From four o'clock to ten o'clock—
To make wrong answers right?

Why must we ruin eyesight
Burning the midnight oil?
When we could do so many things
Without this care and toil.

Life's not a bed of roses,
There's good to take with the bad.
And if we don't do homework now—
One day we'll wish we had.

GAIL MACDONALD,
Grade X North.

PRINCIPAL FOR A DAY

One morning the principal said, "The school will open at nine-thirty. Instead of mathematics this morning, you will go up to the gymnasium to play basketball. In French period, you will have Art work. All girls who have their homework done will lose one house-point, and those who didn't do their homework, will get out of school half an hour earlier. The people who have read their History, may read it over again, and those who did not read theirs, may do as they wish. In Composition period, you will practise the play, and do remember girls not to work too hard; after all, there are many days ahead of you."

"You will then go down to the milk and biscuit room where you may have ice-cream and soft drinks as a special treat because you have been working so hard. In Scripture period you will be able to design a crest for Balmoral Hall."

Then came the noon hour. The girls worked hard in the afternoon, afternoon school beginning at two-thirty. Those who had not done their homework for the afternoon sessions were allowed to go home.

Thus ended a perfect day. I had been principal of Balmoral Hall for a day.

LYNN MASSON,
Grade VIII.

OUR SCHOOL DAY

We stroll into the classroom, when nine o'clock has come
With "Good morning, Mrs. Fallis," our day has now begun.
We first take out our Math. books without a sign of glee.
And when we hear the lesson, we shout, "Oh, goodness me."
Next we see Miss Boreham with her happy smiling looks,
But when we've said "Good morning," she says, "Get out your books."
And then we start to murmur—just deep down in our throats—
"Oh please, whatever else we have—don't give us any notes."

ANN CARROLL,
Grade IX.

A RIDE OVER BEAR-TOOTH MOUNTAIN AT NIGHT

Sounds exciting, doesn't it! Actually it's breathtaking, especially at night.

We had never travelled in that part of the country before, and the road map showed no signs of mountains. It was just dusk when we reached the foothills. The road was in a spiral shape up the mountain, and by the time we had reached the second twist, it was dark. We were driving about ten miles an hour, but the few cars we did meet, were going at about sixty miles per hour. How they did it is beyond me.

By the time we were half way up, I had had quite enough of looking down—down into a deep gully of nothing but bare rock with a river that seemed now, no bigger than a piece of string draped across the valley below . . . far below, and so I sat on the floor of the car until we reached the top. The higher up we got, the colder it became, so we all piled on a few more coats and blankets. Finally we reached the top, and after being coaxed for quite some time, I ventured to look out of the window and what a surprise I received.

It was not all rocky, but level, like a prairie and on both sides of the road there were huge piles of snow. We stopped the car and got out for a while. When we returned to the car and were about to start again, we saw car lights ahead of us, so we decided to wait until this car had passed us. As the car drew closer, we noticed that it had a trailer, of all things, behind the car. What some people won't do! I thought the drive was bad enough in a car, let alone hauling a trailer behind it. After these daring people had passed, we continued our journey down the mountain side. What a thrill! We then ran out of gas. However, we were going down instead of up. I managed to keep my seat going down. We arrived at Cook City at eleven that night, and after searching around, we found a place to stay.

The next morning the owner of the camp told us that we had been up eleven thousand feet and that we had missed the most beautiful scenery in that part of the country. I, however, had no intentions of ever going over Bear-Tooth Mountain again, no matter how beautiful it was.

DIANA DUNCAN,
Grade VIII.

"DARLING BABY"

I'm the second oldest of four children, two girls and two boys. The youngest is a four year old boy. He is everyone's favourite and is quite aware of the fact, so he thinks he can get away with anything and usually does. One of his favourite tricks is to gather up all his toys and trucks and hide them. Then he will make an awful fuss and everyone will have to stop what he is doing and start to look for his toys. After the search has ended, "Darling Baby" will laugh gleefully and confess that he had hidden the toys and knew where they were all the time.

A year ago my sister finally got a beautiful blond oak bedroom suite that she had been begging for, for the past two years. One day "Darling Baby" found he had nothing to do, so he decided he would go through the drawers of the dressing table. While he was doing this, he found some "True Red" nail polish. He'd seen sister put it on and it looked so nice and bright that he decided he'd try it. The top came off easily enough, but the cardboard stuck, so he got the nailfile to pry it off. The cardboard finally came off and he began to paint. Like any four year old child, he made an awful mess. When he was finished, he decided that it wasn't quite as nice as he had first thought, so he reached for some Kleenex to wipe it off. In doing so, he knocked over a bottle of perfume which knocked over the nail polish; it promptly spread all over the top of the table. When he tried to wipe it off, it wouldn't come off. "Darling Baby" began to get worried and just then Mother walked in. When she saw what had happened, she screamed and ran to wipe it up, but it was too late—the nailpolish was on for good.

When Father came home that night, he was met at the door by my sister who was crying her eyes out. When Father found out what had happened and who the guilty person was, he took my young brother into the bedroom and closed the door. After a minute or two the most horrible sounds came from the bedroom. "Darling Baby" was finally getting a well deserved spanking. He's still bad, but he has never again gone into my sister's bedroom.

DOLORES PALMATER,
Grade X South.

DILL'S SURF-BOARD RIDING

Have you ever seen a dog surf-board riding? I did this summer for the first time.

Dill, our husky Labrador, stayed at the lake with us this summer for a week. He is our watch-dog at the office, but he now had a week's holiday. He can do quite a few tricks, but when he managed to surf-board, that "topped" all his tricks.

We were all down on the dock one day, resting after a strenuous swim. Some of us had been surf-board riding and we were relaxing—until Dill came along. He wanted attention, and so we started throwing sticks into the water, making him retrieve them. This was just what he wanted as Dill loves the water. Soon we were all in the water with him and the surf-board was in use again. Somebody got the idea of trying Dill on the surf-board. Everybody laughed at the idea but we tried it anyway.

We helped him on to the board and then the boat started. Poor Dill! He floundered about for some time and then he stood still and looked around. He then tried to shake himself—and into the water fell Dill.

The second time was a success. When he was shoved on to the board, he grabbed the handle! What a sight that was! He stayed on for some time in that position, but eventually fell off. My brother turned the boat around and picked him up. When Dill jumped out of the boat on to the dock, everybody tried to pat him at once, but poor Dill had had enough. He ran to a nice quiet spot to rest. We didn't blame him for after all, not every dog can ride a surf-board.

Fortunately we have pictures to prove his feat as my brother took them while driving the boat.

CAROLYN DYSON,
Grade X South.

TO MY SCHOOLMATES

To Balmoral Hall
We came in the fall,
To a winter of work and of play,
And to kindly instruction each day.
It will soon be the spring,
And, oh, what will this bring—
Exams!
So good luck to you all.

PITSY PERRIN,
Grade VIII.

A BOARDING SCHOOL FEAST

When no one is really paying much attention to us, we have fun. When I say we, I mean all the girls in boarding on the top floor in the White House.

About three weeks ago, our room held a feast. Everyone who was invited crept silently into our room after lights were out. Just when everyone got into the room, we heard footsteps. Had the seniors below us told one of the staff of our feast? The guests all made dives for the nearest cover. The person beside my bed (no names permitted) then decided to choke on a chocolate, and choke she did. After her coughing spell, she topped off the noise and confusion by hitting her head on my bed. On doing this, she uttered a sharp cry, but still no one came.

After all this commotion, which lasted for about an hour, we decided to hold our feast in the room adjoining ours. By this time most of us didn't care whether we ate or whether we didn't, as we were so tired. Most of the guests were so exhausted that they crept back to their own rooms to sleep. Because our room started the feast, we, at least two of us, went with two of the other girls into the closet of the next room. Would you like to know what we risked our necks for?—Sardines, olives, crackers and chocolates.

After eating a certain amount of food, we went to bed. When we all woke up in the morning, we were hungrier than ever.

GLADYS WARD,
Grade VIII.

THE SHOOT

It all happened so quickly that I hardly had time to think, and the next thing I knew was that I found myself crouched low in a canoe behind a thicket of reeds.

It was a cold day and the wind blew from the north. Gun in hand, I waited patiently for a flock of ducks, which did not appear. An hour passed and then over in the west I sighted them. The flock looked like a dark storm cloud coming closer and closer. Lifting my gun I aimed carefully and shot. The shot, being my first, was very poor. It was too slow, and by the time I had pulled the trigger, the ducks were nearly out of sight. That was my first attempt, and the noise of the gun left my ears ringing and me shaking! After a few practice shots in the water, I realized my errors. The next flock was sighted and I tried again. One small Mallard fell to the water and

I shouted with great gusto. I had hit a bird and felt extremely proud of myself until my father calmly "piped out" that he had hit it.

After a thermos of hot coffee, we left our hiding place and paddled downstream until we reached another suitable place. All settled again, we reloaded the guns and waited for the third flock. It came quickly. Hurriedly lifting my gun, I closed my eyes and pulled the trigger. Down came the duck, and fell with a splash. The shot had been successful. I felt like a professional duck hunter as we paddled home to the lodge for a night of rest.

DIANA NANTON,
Grade X South.

"JAKE" THE GARBAGE MAN

A certain character who stands out very clearly in my mind is Jessiman Jakeman, the garbage collector. Everyone calls him "Jake" for short. He is a very short, plump, jolly, little fellow with a chubby face and a ruddy complexion. His eyes are dark and flashing and he has a short, stubby nose which turns up at the end. He has a very tiny mouth with cheery red lips. "Jake" has curly black hair and also a little moustache that wiggles when he laughs.

Despite the fact that he is short and fat, "Jake" is very strong. He works tremendously hard and enthusiastically. He is proud to be a garbage man, and he shows this in his eager attitude towards his work. "Jake" whistles and sings while he works. I must say that he is no experienced tenor, but it does one good to hear him sing because he is so happy. His favourite song, and his only song is, "The Old Gray Mare" with which he constantly serenades the poor, old, sway-backed horse that pulls his wagon.

As anyone can see, "Jake" doesn't take very good care of his clothes. They are very shabby and dusty, but he doesn't seem to mind. He wears an old blue, leather jacket which appears to be rather snug-fitting because each day the seams are split wider apart than the day before. His old, black trousers are in a sad state. They have many rips and tears in them and are frightfully dirty.

"Jake" is an extremely well-mannered and polite person. He tips his gray, battered, moth-eaten old hat to all the people he meets. Everyone who knows "Jake" likes him because he is such a good, kind, happy and courteous old gentleman.

DULCIE ANN THOMSON,
Grade X North.

THE BUN AND MILK ROOM

The Bun and Milk Room? What a queer name! What is it? Where is it? Just follow any grey-tuniced student and she'll lead the way. Follow her down the well-trodden stairway, through the locker rooms and the tunnel to the . . . Bun and Milk Room. Ah . . . there it is! Four walls lined with books that hold many secrets. Four walls that know everything that goes on within them. There is the tired old piano that stands bravely waiting for its next treatment of "The Thing". The tables, the chairs, the books, the fireplace . . . everything reflects the comfy atmosphere of this friendly room. The "Bun and Milk Room" has encouraged jitterbugs, pianists, Latin scholars, readers, Margot Fonteyns and stomach aches.

Stomach aches? Yes, but wait, there's the recess bell. Let's watch. Doors are opening, teachers are giving instructions and now . . . the girls; hundreds of girls, big girls, little girls, short girls and tall girls all dash for their recess snack in the Bun and Milk Room. They tear down the stairs, through the locker rooms and push into line. One by one they move up to the table and take their lunch. Then "Puddy" sits down at the upright and pounds out the latest hit tunes while everyone gathers round for a sing-song. A few "Charleston" fans bounce about on the tiles in time to the music while acrobats practise new balances. This continues until the hand bell sends everyone hurrying up to the gymnasium.

Noon hour rolls around and again, the convenient Bun and Milk Room looks like the "Grand Central Station" filled with students, music makers, dancers and just resters. Later Latin classes are conducted within the famed room and then it is four and home time. However, the room is not yet deserted. The book worms and the hobbyists linger to do their work in the quiet of the "Bun and Milk Room". The boarders, also, spend many hours here. Yes, from early morning, when Alec checks the radiators till late at night when Mary dusts the last book, the "Bun and Milk Room" is a favourite spot.

DAWNA DUNCAN,
Grade VIII.

Miss Sharman: "Name a substance which will not freeze."

Lois: "Hot water."

CAPSIZING A CANOE

There is a right way and a wrong way to tip a canoe. Did you ever wonder about this? There are several methods you can use in order to tip a canoe successfully. First of all, if you wish to plunge in near the dock, all you have to do is to get in and step far over to the side, and there you are swimming or struggling in the cool water. If you prefer another way, you can capsize your canoe by standing up in it, and rocking it. This is a sure way! But be careful not to let the canoe descend on your head when you fall in. Jump out when you think the canoe is going to capsize!

Still if you prefer more variety in this delicate affair, just paddle out to the lake nearest the railway station about train time, and make sure you are in the centre of the lake; all the boats will have to pass you there. Then when you see two or three or more speed boats coming, paddle calmly amongst them and then just quit paddling and prepare yourself for a dip. A few minutes after the boats have passed, the waves will start to rise, and then you will find yourself and your canoe caught in the midst of them! Of course, this is the most satisfactory way of tipping the canoe, because you haven't a chance to back out once the waves have come, and you have to struggle to get the canoe and yourself back to shore. If you are out in the lake, and there is merely one launch coming along and if at the same time, you feel like swimming, just take the waves sideways. This is a sure way and is similar to the method previously described. It is not quite as effective however.

Of course, if you can, always go down a river where the current is strong or down some rapids or falls. This is in case you really don't want to get back to land again, for I doubt if you would, if you took such dangerous steps just to get a ducking by tipping a canoe!

Take whichever way you like; I assure you they are all very effective and satisfying if you care for this sort of sport. I warn you beforehand, however, to remove your watch and any jewellery, and to wear a bathing suit or shorts. Also I suggest that you learn to swim before you enter canoe-capsizing competitions.

CARLA GUSTAFSON,
Grade X North.

A HOLIDAY AT WISCONSIN DELLS

In my summer holidays my mother and father took me down to the Wisconsin Dells where we spent one of the nicest week-ends we have ever had. The hotel we stayed in was on the river and I could look out of my window and see the boats going up and down. We sailed on many boats. We took the ride in the Upper Dells in the morning and in the Lower Dells in the afternoon. When we came back from the Lower Dells, my mother and I wanted to go on the speed boats, and so my father took us.

In the evening there was an Indian ceremony at Stand Rock. We had our dinner and then we went down to get on the boat called the Winnebago, which is a very large boat. The boat left about seven-thirty and it took about thirty minutes to go to Stand Rock. When we arrived, an Indian chief was standing up on a high rock giving an Indian welcome call, and Chief Evergreen Tree stood at the front of the boat and gave the call back to him.

The ceremony started about eight-thirty. There were many benches on the rocky hills for the many people arriving by boat and by car. There were Indians from all over the country. There were tents high up on the rock with bright lights burning. In the doorway of one of them sat an Indian girl in white. She looked lovely. The master of ceremonies was a white man. He stood on a rocky platform. Chief Evergreen Tree was very good and could mimic almost anything.

On the way back, we sang songs, and while singing one of the songs, he was mimicking an Indian love call. Chief Evergreen Tree was writing his autograph under his picture which they were selling on the boat. Wisconsin Dells is a very small city and on Sunday it was like Saturday night here. We had a nice time at the Dells.

JOAN ANDERSON,
Grade VIII.

TACKS

The first day of school opened, and there was Tacks. He was sitting in his usual seat in front of the teacher. Tacks was in Grade IX. He was by no means a dull lad, although he bore a striking resemblance to Mortimer Snerd.

A clumsier more awkward boy Miss Brown had never seen. Tacks was six feet two inches tall. His clothes hung on him like clothes on a scarecrow. His hair, eluding his best efforts and hair grease, stood like a scrub brush with stiff bristles of uneven length.

Tacks was a good-natured boy, brimming over with mischief. All the "kids" liked him. They called him Tacks, though his real name was Elsworth Tacksby.

One day, Miss Brown, the teacher, was correcting some papers when a murmur crossed from one side of the room to the other. She looked up to see Tacks shove something into his desk. An investigation brought out a white rat, Tacks' most loved pet. He was told to keep it at home.

A few weeks later, Miss Brown was reading "The Ancient Mariner" to the class. —"Oh, sleep, it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole . . ."

"Zyn uh zyb", came from in front of Miss Brown. She looked up from the book and over her glasses. All the class were attentive, listening with fascination to the poem. All, that is, except Tacks. He had his head on his hand and was placidly sleeping and snoring. Miss Brown hadn't realized she had such mystic powers.

The last day of school, Tacks "loped" into the classroom. He was more awkward than ever that morning, and it appeared he was trying to hide something. He took his seat.

All day Miss Brown felt uneasy. She kept looking for white rats, mousetraps in her drawer, tacks on her chair, and other examples of practical jokes. The day passed uneventfully. At four o'clock the room emptied very quickly. All had gone but Tacks. He pulled a parcel out of his desk, put it on Miss Brown's desk and with four big steps was out of the room. Under the neat covering of the parcel, Miss Brown found a copy of "Collected Verse of Edgar A. Guest".

ANNIE LOU ORMISTON,
Grade XI.

END-OF-TERM HIGHLIGHTS

Three guests attended Morning Prayers at Balmoral Hall on Thursday, May 31st. Mrs. D. E. S. Wishart, Chief Commissioner of Guides for Canada, Miss A. M. V. Rosseter and Mrs. H. Lount, all very important persons in the guide world. Mrs. Wishart gave a short talk to the School.

STORY OF A WORM

I am a worm. I am not a very special worm, not being extraordinarily long, or fat, or even grubby. I am just a worm. I have not had a very unusual or eventful life as worms' lives go. I have been almost stepped on once or twice and have had one very narrow escape from the beak of a large, fat robin. But these are not unusual occurrences for members of my race and clan.

You may be wondering how it came to be that an uneducated worm should be writing his life story. Well, I will tell you.

One night as I sat in my little home under a pebble, I heard a mighty crash! For a moment I thought the world had fallen in but, as soon as I realized that I was not in worm Heaven, I decided that the world must still be standing and I decided that I would go out and see what had really happened.

Hesitatingly I crawled out of my hidey-hole onto what seemed at first to be a large, white world. Then I saw some huge black things which looked like letters, and a picture or two. Of course, I know how to read having lived in a school-room for several months, and I keep in practice by reading the "Wormly Weekly", a newspaper for worms. So I tried to make words out of the large letters. I climbed up on a flower stalk and began to read.

The white thing I had thought to be a world was an old magazine someone had dropped, and the page was opened at the autobiography of a man, hailed everywhere as a great author.

As I read, I had an idea. At first it was a very little idea but soon it had grown so big that it pushed every other thought from my mind.

Why couldn't I write the story of my life? The very thought of seeing my name "Wilfred Winterbottom Worm" in print made me tingle with excitement.

So, I took up my pen and began to write. And this story which (I hope) you have read, is the result of my first effort in writing.

JUDY SPENCE,
Grade IX.

BALMORAL HALL

We have a school that's new this year
And many changes are quite near.
A hundred years
And buildings tall
Will then denote Balmoral Hall.

Oh, it will be a wonder school
With ultra modern swimming pool,
The biggest gym,
And best equipped—
No piece of apparatus skipped.

A games' room full of things to do
And everything kept bright and new—
Three ping pong sets—
While all the floor
Is charted out for games galore.

Outside the grounds laid out so neat
Will occupy some thousand feet.
The tennis courts
In summer are
The most important spots by far.

Team games are played by nearly all—
Lacrosse, and cricket, hockey, ball—
In winter time
We ski and skate
For these two sports we highly rate.

Now for the girls who want to work
And from their duty dare not shirk,
Whose conscience calls—
They have to pass—
We might find room for one small class.

DIANE FRASER,
Grade XI.



School Life

1. The duffers!
2. On the steps.
3. Recess.
4. Homework.
5. Winter?

6. Whose friend?
7. Golden Boy?
8. In the trees.
9. On the lawn.

10. The hike.
11. Bed time.
12. More guides.
13. Posing.

14. Affection.
15. Disdain.
16. Here I am!
17. Head?

18. Keep low.
19. I'm smiling.
20. Friends.
21. Carol & Darlene.
22. It's windy.



HOUSE HEADS:

(Left to right) Moira Morrison, Margaret Lougheed, Marp Hope McInnis, Sally Dangerfield.

GLEN GAIRN

This year will always be a memorable year for all of us. Besides being the first year of Balmoral Hall's existence, we will long remember the fun and excitement of our division into groups, the election of the council followed by the naming of our House. We were pleased and honoured to receive "Glen Gairn" as our new House name which originated from a lovely glen just near Balmoral Castle in Scotland.

Interhouse Volleyball and Basketball kept us busy the first two terms and even though Glen Gairn did not win, the girls tried very hard. Not only did these girls show great sportsmanship but through innumerable games they proved that they were capable of losing pleasantly.

Top honours were carried home to the House when we were placed first in the speed skating events. Moira Morrison and Nancy Ann Green won the Senior and Intermediate Classes respectively.

Glen Gairn was well represented in the gymnastics competition and we would especially like to congratulate Judy Hanson who won the Inter-

mediate Class. The lower forms (up to Grade VI) should also be commended for their keen House Spirit which has been shown in their efforts in the track and field events, in the speed-skating and in the gymnastic competition.

In the "Mile of Pennies Race", for the Red Cross, Glen Gairn placed a very close second. Again enthusiastic spirit was shown.

Although we have had no house parties this year, we can all look forward to something in the coming term. I would like to thank everyone in our House for her contribution this year. May I specially thank Miss Sharman, Mrs. Price, Miss McMillan and Mrs. Kaufmann for their guidance this year. May I also thank the Prefects, Janet Bleeks and Donna Patterson, the Sports Captain, Lynn Redmond, the Secretary, Katharine Vlassie, and the Uniform Monitress, Judy Carr.

What the future has in store for our House we cannot say, but we do know that with the spirit of co-operation, sportsmanship and friendliness we have built up this year, Glen Gairn's horizon looks promising, bright and clear.

MOIRA MORRISON.

CRAIG GOWAN

I am very honoured to be the first Head of Craig Gowan House, as all of you should be, to be its first members. Our House is one, of which we may all be very proud. I especially am very proud of it, and of all of you, its members. Your co-operation and encouragement this year has made me feel very happy.

Our first House Sports Captain, Carla Ann Stewart, has been very successful in helping our House to hold its own in sports. Thank you very much, Carla, for your help in this field, and thank you, Cathy Young, for your marvellous help as our secretary.

Our house has given its whole hearted support to all interhouse activities. We have never shone outstandingly at the top, but then we have never been at the bottom. We were well represented at the volleyball and basketball games and we stood our ground at the Ping Pong tournament; we were also well supported at the Red Cross Penny Drive. Thank you very much Craig Gowan for this support. We have also done very well with our House points, and whether you earned them through your sports ability or academically they were all appreciated.

I would also like to thank our staff members, Miss Arnold, Mrs. Little, Miss Boreham and Miss Shepley for all their understanding and encouragement this year. In closing, may I wish Craig Gowan the best of success for future years. I sincerely hope future captains will be able to be as proud of Craig Gowan as I am this year.

MARGARET LOUGHEED.

BALLATER HOUSE

This has been a memorable year for me as head of Ballater House. Throughout the year, the staff and girls of the house have given me constant support and have worked hard to achieve House spirit. It has been an eventful year in all school activities. We were fortunate enough to win the Volleyball Championship, and we placed second in the Track and Field Competition. We were especially proud of the achievements of the Duncan twins and Helen Grant on Field Day. We placed third in the Speed Skating Races with thanks to Cathy Robertson and Dawna Duncan for their efforts. Gail Brooking won the Intermediate Ping Pong Championship, although Ballater House did not come out on top. With such stars as Annie Lou Ormiston and Helen Grant on our basketball team, we cannot help but do well.

At Christmas, we placed a very close second in the total number of House Points. It has been a most successful year and I am extremely proud of the spirit in Ballater House.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the staff members, Miss Dickson, Miss Hawkes, and Mrs. Coulter, who have been so helpful. I would like to thank Annie Lou Ormiston, our prefect, Helen Grant, our house sports captain, Wendy Smith, our secretary, and Lorna Craig, our uniform maitress.

Last, but not least, I would like to thank the girls for their continued support. I have appreciated this very much. All best wishes go to next year's head of Ballater, and I hope she will have as pleasant a year as I have had.

MARY HOPE McINNIS.

BRAEMAR HOUSE

In September, 1950, House I was born. Late in November, Braemar, the name of one of the districts near Balmoral Castle, was chosen for our House name.

Braemar's first success came in the beginning of October at the Field Day when Katharine Wood, our sports captain, carried off top honours as the champion of the day. At the end of the first term, the combined work and sports average showed that Braemar House was top. During the second term we strove hard to stay there. In the speed skating races we had entries in every class, and although we did not come first, we placed second and had fun doing our bit. In the Ping Pong tournament our outstanding entrant was Hope Wilmot in Grade V who came first in the Junior Class.

The next great event was the Penny Race, held to raise money for the Red Cross. In the final count Braemar was top with 13.06 and we thank the Kindergarten and Grades I and II for their efforts on that day. The Gymnastics Competition proved that in Braemar House we have some very capable gymnasts. In the Senior Competition Katharine Wood and Joey Adamson placed second and third respectively. In the Junior Competition Sally Blanchard took first place with Marilyn Stevenson a close second. Faith Wilson carried off the Midget title.

In the summer term there will be a surprise in store for Braemar in the form of a house party. In this term also we are going to keep on striving to do better still in work and in sports.

Braemar has undoubtedly had a wonderful year. This is largely thanks to the help and encouragement of Mrs. Fallis, Mrs. McEwen and Miss Inglis, and to the good leadership and willing help of Katharine Wood, our House Sports Captain, and Geraldine Schoepp, our House Prefect. Joan Malaher, the secretary of Braemar, has done a wonderful job. All the girls on the Volleyball and Basketball teams have showed good sportsmanship and House spirit, as have our loyal supporters of these games.

I would like to thank everyone in our House for making this such a successful year, and I would like to say also how much I have enjoyed being Head of Braemar. The best of luck to all of you in the coming year!

SALLY DANGERFIELD.

RED HOUSE NOTES

As we glance at the residences of Balmoral Hall, we see two large houses known as The White House and The Red House. Although many people think there is a vast difference in their structure we know that the Red House has as many beautiful girls and good times as the White House.

In the "Buttonhole", better known as the "Nursery", we find Elizabeth Cooper from Winnipeg who already shows some of the necessary qualifications for the 1990 Balmoral Hall House Mother. On the bottom bunk can be found Katherine Kaufmann still struggling to smooth the creases out of her bed. On top of Kathy is Liz Cooper's older sister Margaret, who doesn't believe "in making hay while the sun shines".

Across the hall we hear the "Little Angels", Joan Onions from Toronto, Elizabeth Echols from far away British Guiana, and Sally Blanchard from the oil city of Calgary. These girls don't believe in soap and water, sleeping or keeping tidy rooms, much to Mrs. Elliot's dismay.

Next to the "Little Angels" we find the room with many doors. Its occupants are Carla Ann Gustafson from Minaki, Ontario, Bettie Mac Townsend from Tisdale, Saskatchewan, and Dorothy Cox from the city of Winnipeg. In this room the sandman comes late at night and stays until 7:35 in the morning! This room could easily be called the "Food Bar" of the Red House for upon entering one can very often see brown paper bags and coke bottles.

Then we come to the Problem Children of the Red House who have to occupy separate rooms. In

Grand Central Station we find our "marvellous" and "glorious" Mrs. Elliot who carries all our burdens like any mother. Beside Mrs. Elliot is Mrs. Little whose posture everyone envies. It would be much to our advantage if she gave us some pointers. Then climbing the fourteen creaky, worn steps we come to the "Heaven" of the Red House. To the right of the stairs we find our third member of staff, Miss Arnold. Although we admire her musical talent and the delicious candies she always has, we do wish her every success in her efforts to use the Bath Room in future years.

Beside Miss Arnold are the "early birds" in the Red House, Jane Park from Nestor Falls, Ontario, and Anne Robinson from Kelwood, Manitoba. Anne, always ready for food, never ready for lights out or the rising bell, can always be heard if not seen. But wouldn't the Red House be dead without her? To Janie we wish the best of luck when she goes to the U.S.A. and sincerely hope that Anne will be able to accompany her as "Private Secretary".

Across the "squeaky" hall we find our enthusiastic skater, Lynne Cousens, and last but not least, beside Lynne, we find the only seniors of the Red House who try to carry out the "Boarders' Constitution". Behind the half-closed door, we catch a glimpse of Donna Patterson, our Red House Head from Carberry, who hopes to be freer in thirty years to diagnose the mump and measles cases of Balmoral Hall. Her assistant in keeping the Red House under control is Joyce Burnell from Moline, Manitoba who can always be seen planning a garden and filling her hope chest.

When June comes we will slowly and reluctantly descend the two flights of stairs and bid farewell to our House mother who through the past ten months has helped us and always been our friend. Although some of us will not be here next year, we pass on to the Red House boarders our good times and our best wishes.

JOYCE BURNELL,
DONNA PATTERSON.

WHITE HOUSE NOTES

The White House which really isn't white, except for the pillars, is a dark contrast to the snow in winter, but we love it anyway. Its outstanding feature is the Boarders' Sitting-room, with its two large windows giving a beautiful view of the river. The Grade XII's who use the room as a classroom often find the scenery more interesting than lessons.

The occupants of the White House become really active only four times a day, at breakfast, lunch, dinner, and when they're supposed to be in bed. The occupants of Room V find it necessary to practise Gymnastics after lights out. Witness the seniors' headaches due to fallen plaster. Ann and Nancy in the next room are notorious for rising with the breakfast bell, and the black book seems to belong to them exclusively. In the next room we meet a menagerie, consisting of—a porky, two bambies, horses, a rabbit, three Grade VIII's and Carol.

If you hear queer sounds issuing from across the hall, it's just Miss Sharman experimenting again. Next we pass a room belonging to none other than Miss MacMillan, our beloved house-mother.

As we go down to the senior floor we pass the infirmary—which we'll pass by hurriedly. The occupants of Room II have striven to create utter chaos and success is nearly theirs. If you hear the tap running at extraordinary hours, it's this famous trio, having a laundry. Their favourite pastime is ringing the bell for maid-service! Now we enter Room I—but as usual the cupboard door is in the way. Where's the architect who built this place? Miss Boreham has taken an immense interest in this room—just look at the maps on the walls—and Marg. still thinks Cape Cod is in Africa. Hear yells of pain? It's just Ada with her two-finger treatment on Marg. Then we mustn't leave out our famed literary artist who lives here, Geri—she spends her time hiding from Miss Hawkes, under the bed, on "essay days".

GERALDINE SCHOEPP
and MARGARET LOUGHEED.

THE 16TH GUIDE COMPANY

In September, 1950, the Balmoral Hall Guide Company was first formed. When patrols had been organized with the names "Heather", "Bluebell", "Thistle" and "Gorse", and the number of the company chosen, work was begun in earnest. Some new Guides were enrolled during the course of the year, increasing the Company to 28 Guides. Proficiency badges were earned, and the second class guides passed some of the required tests. Each week there was time to play games and to sing when the work was finished; we enjoyed coming to the meetings.

The Guides like to do a good turn for the school each year, and we decided to buy the School a new basketball. A Shamrock Tea was held on March 17th in the school dining-room, and we

were successful in raising sixty-six dollars and thirty cents. Besides having the regular meetings and entertaining at tea, the Guides found time to go on a hike at Bird's Hill.

This year has been very successful for the new company, and on behalf of all the Guides I would like to thank our hard-working Captain, Margaret Killick and Lieutenant, Pat Taylor.

SALLY DANGERFIELD.

Brownie Interests

The Brownies of the Sixteenth Pack meet in the dining room at 3:20 p.m. every Tuesday afternoon. Our Brown Owl is Mrs. A. W. P. Harrison, and Tawny Owl is Mrs. J. E. Elders.

There are twenty-two Brownies in the pack, many of whom have never been Brownies before.

An enrolment was held in November, to which our parents were invited. Mrs. Troop and Mrs. Griffiths, our commissioners, took part in this ceremony when fifteen Brownies were enrolled.

We are planning to have a hike and picnic in the spring.

SALLY BLANCHARD.

Choir

Under Mrs. Dennis' excellent supervision, our newly formed Balmoral Hall Choir has achieved much since the school year began.

Our choir made its formal debut on All Saint's Day when the girls sang as an anthem Crimond's "The Lord's My Shepherd". On Remembrance Day, the choir led the school in the singing of "O Valiant Hearts", in keeping with the spirit created by Canon Wilmot in his address. However, we feel that the outstanding event of the 1950 term was the Carol Service in which Junior, Intermediate and Senior Choirs gave a fine presentation of traditional Christmas music.

Plans are now made for our choir to sing in this year's Winnipeg Musical Festival on April 9th. Because of the lack of entries in the Private School Competition, we are striving for laurels in the Senior High School Girls' Folk Song Class.

A sincere vote of thanks from all of us in the choir goes to Mrs. Dennis for the time which she spends in training our newly-formed School Choir.

LORNA CRAIG,
CLAIREE McCALLUM.



GRADES V & VI

The Gymnastics Competition

Some of the most interesting work that we have done this year has been our gymnastic work. We have striven for poise, balance and control, and through the patient guidance of Mr. Thorsen we have, little by little, achieved a measure of self-confidence in this work. In the middle of March, the gymnastic competition took place in the school gymnasium. Two outside judges, chosen by Mr. Thorsen, arrived to judge our work. Each

class was represented. Cathy Young won the Senior Competition, Judy Hanson the Intermediate, and Faith Wilson the Junior Competition. Dawn Duncan set a record for rope swinging. House-points were given to all participants. An exhibition of our gymnastic work is to be held in the Playhouse Theatre on Friday, May 18th.

JANET BLEEKS.

Visual Education

At Balmoral Hall we are fortunate to have equipment for showing slide-films and slides. The Pictural Tri-purpose projector, and the Victor 16mm. projector (complete with sound system and beaded, radiant screen) have come to us from Riverbend and Rupert's Land Schools. This has made it possible for the school to enjoy the wide selection of Visual Education Aids offered today. The Seniors enjoy the Science and Social Study films. The Juniors also are an appreciative audience as there are films designed to appeal to their experience and interest.

F. B. SHARMAN.

Dancing

Every Wednesday afternoon at one-twenty, we race upstairs to the gymnasium in our scant blue dancing tunics. From September to November we in the Senior Class did body movements to make us supple and graceful. Then we began to learn a dance for our display in May which is keeping us very busy. There is also an intermediate group, a junior group and a primary group of dancing enthusiasts. This year we have all been learning Greek dancing but next year, those who are ready and would like to, are to study Ballet.

G. WARD,
Grade VIII.

The Hallowe'en Party

On the night of October 27, the girls from Grade Nine to Twelve met in the lower corridor in costumes. What a weird collection of people we saw! Babies, engineers, chorus girls—oh, those legs!—hoboes, a cow, Negroes, a trio from the Wizard of Oz, characters from Oliver Twist—everything and everyone you could imagine!

After everyone had arrived, we all went up to the gymnasium for a grand parade in front of the judges. Grades Nine and Twelve, with the help of Miss Sharman, had decorated the gymnasium very appropriately.

The Grade Eleven class had planned a most successful programme. First came the skits, then games and dancing. Miss Robertson was there, teaching us how to square dance, and we had a hilarious time.

The Grade Ten classes served the refreshments. After this, we danced a little longer and then prizes were awarded — suckers and Hallowe'en whistles.

Finally, we all gathered around the piano and sang our favourite songs. Everyone had a wonderful time.

NORA ANN RICHARDS.

Christmas Party

On Sunday, December 17, the staff, the prefects and the members of the boarding school, met in the drawing-room to sing carols. After a pleasant half-hour, everyone went down to the candle-lighted and beautifully decorated dining-room to enjoy a delicious turkey dinner.

After dinner the staff had coffee in the drawing-room, while the girls went to the Boarders' Sitting-room to open their gifts around the gaily decorated Christmas tree. The evening ended with the singing of more Christmas Carols, and everyone agreed that it had been a most pleasant party.

GERALDINE SCHOEPP.

St. John's Ravenscourt Party

On Friday, November 17, twenty Grade X, XI and XII boarders went to St. John's Ravenscourt for our first inter-school party. It wasn't long before we were all enjoying everything from the latest ball room and jazz steps to a rhythmic congo line. Besides being taken on tours through the school, there was ping-pong and checkers. We were treated to lovely refreshments and the evening ended with square dancing.

GERALDINE SCHOEPP.

Dramatics

Balmoral Hall is looking forward to having an active Dramatic Society. We took our first step toward the formation of such a society this year when classes from Grades VII to X each produced a short play. These plays were presented for the public on Friday, March 9th and Saturday, March 10th.

It was interesting to see the different types of plays presented. Grade VII produced a delightful Chinese play called "The Stolen Prince"; the colourful costumes, the formal speeches, and the obvious enjoyment of the actors so charmed the audience at the Friday performance, that the play was repeated on Saturday.

Grade VIII produced "A Lonely Little Girl", the story of Jane Eyre's unhappy childhood at Lowood School. The period costumes were very effective.

Grade IX's production was "The Ghost Story", a modern comedy by Booth Tarkington. This was an amusing presentation of a young man's hesitant proposal.

There were two productions from Grade X. Grade X South presented "Homework", a subject which had a special significance for them. Grade X North produced "The House with the Twisty Windows", the most ambitious of all the plays attempted, and the play which had the honour of being singled out by the adjudicator, Mr. Ogden Turner, as the best production of the two evenings.

Next year, we look forward to an even more active dramatic interest.

The Carol Service

Balmoral Hall held its first Carol Service in a darkened hall bordered by two rows of softly lighted Christmas Trees.

The service opened with "Lullay Thou Little Tiny Child" sung very softly by the school choir. During the singing of this carol, the curtains parted to reveal an impressive tableau of the manger scene. In it, Mary and the Christ Child were surrounded by kneeling shepherds, while Joseph stood in the background. The curtains closed again just as the carol ended.

Canon Wilmot opened the Service with prayer, following which all the singing classes took part in presenting traditional Christmas music. Between

the carols the Christmas story was read by members of the Senior School.

Rev. H. A. Frame gave a short address in which he reminded us that although Christmas was a holiday-time, a time of secrets and family reunions, we must not let these things hide the true significance of the Christmas Season.

All too soon the service came to an end, and as the audience joined in singing Holy Night, the tableau was revealed once more, leaving us with the real meaning of Christmas.

CLAIRE McCALLUM.

Alumnae Notes

Being President of an Association entails a certain amount of work but writing an article for the School Magazine was one chore I had not foreseen. I had thought that sort of thing, like writing exams, had been left behind me when I graduated!

We are living through what is probably the most important year in the life of Balmoral Hall.

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it."

It is up to us to see that what we write on our lovely clean page is worthy to be read by those who follow. We set the pattern. I know it has been extremely difficult for a great many of you to shift allegiance, but from what I hear you have all been good sports about it. Nothing worthwhile is ever easy and the goal this time is a pretty spe-

cial one—the combining of all that is best in both schools to make one that will be the equal of any found in Canada. It can be done and it is up to us to see that it is well started.

That is what we are trying to do in the Alumnae. We may make mistakes, trying first this and then that, combining some occasions, dropping some, starting others; but all along we will be striving to produce an Association the school can be as proud of as we will be of the school.

And finally a very special word of welcome to the graduating class. We are looking forward to your joining us and giving us your ideas about our Alumnae Association. If we all pitch in and do our little bit we should accomplish great things with a minimum of individual effort and a maximum of pleasure and results.

EILEEN WILSON,
President.



THE STAFF:

BACK ROW (left to right)—Mrs. Elliot, Miss McMillan, Mrs. Nixon, Miss Kaufmann, Miss Hawkes, Miss Shepley, Miss Robertson, Mrs. Price, Miss Sharman, Mrs. Fallis, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Dennis, Miss Voorheis, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Lucas.

MIDDLE ROW—Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Coulter, Miss Inglis, Mrs. Little, Mrs. McEwen.

FRONT ROW—Miss Dickson, Miss Arnold, Miss Boreham.

EXCHANGES

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL	-	-	Toronto, Ontario
BRANKSOME HALL	-	-	Toronto, Ontario
ELMWOOD SCHOOL	-	-	Rockliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario
HATFIELD HALL	-	-	Coburg, Ontario
HAVERGAL COLLEGE	-	-	Toronto, Ontario
ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL	-	-	Durham, Quebec
ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL	-	-	Victoria, B.C.
ST. MILDRED'S COLLEGE	-	-	Toronto, Ontario
ST. JOHN'S RAVENSCOURT	-	-	Winnipeg, Manitoba
TRAFalgar SCHOOL FOR GIRLS	-	-	Montreal, Quebec
ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE	-	-	Whitby, Ontario
ALMA COLLEGE	-	-	St. Thomas, Ontario
MOULTON COLLEGE	-	-	Toronto, Ontario
YORK HOUSE	-	-	Vancouver, B.C.
ST. AGNES SCHOOL	-	-	Albany, New York
KELVIN	-	-	Winnipeg, Manitoba
ISAAC NEWTON	-	-	Winnipeg, Manitoba
GORDON BELL	-	-	Winnipeg, Manitoba

The Juniors

THE MOUSE

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a mouse and a very nice mouse she was. She lived in a very small red brick house in a strawberry patch with her children Moo-Moo and Mee-Mee. They were two very fine children. They all lived happily in their little house. They had many friends among the little bugs, beetles and ants.

One day Mrs. Mouse thought she would go over to the other side of the strawberry patch to see some neighbours. She told her children to take care of things and watch for the rats. One big band of outlaw rats usually spread around in the strawberries and then pounced upon some poor little animal. That is nearly what happened to poor Mrs. Mouse! She heard them and started running and screaming. The ants who were having lunch, heard Mrs. Mouse and called their friends, the bugs and beetles, and together they went to work and made a hole through the bottom of an old tree trunk. Mrs. Mouse got through but the rats could not, so in that way they saved Mrs. Mouse. Maybe you don't believe it but I do, because Mrs. Mouse told me.

ELEANOR SPENCE,
Grade IV.

I AM OIL.

I am some oil down in the ground near Edmonton. This is how I get in your car. They drill big, long holes to find me. When they find me, they have a cap ready because I spurt all over the place. Then they build a big high thing over me called a tower. Then they take the cap off me and I spurt up the pipe and come out in trucks. After that I am cleaned. Then I am taken to the oil station. There you buy me.

CAROL ANNE FIELDS,
Grade III.

GIRLS IN GREEN AND GREY

We girls in green and grey,
Are always bright and gay.
We love our school,
Obey the rule,
No matter work or play.

We love our French from Mademoiselle,
Though what we say she can not tell,
"Je suis un chat,
Voici Papa."
We keep on trying until the bell.

SHARON HOYLE,
Grade IV.

LITTLE BROTHER

Once upon a time, there lived three brothers, Hans, Clarence and Dummy. Hans and Clarence were very mean. Dummy was kind and sweet and gentle. One day their father said it was time to set out for their fortune. So the next morning the eldest brother set off. Pretty soon he came to a cave. He went into the cave. He went farther in and by and by he saw an old woman. The old woman pretended to be kind and gave him a pair of red slippers. The boy was very much surprised. As soon as he put them on, he fell fast asleep.

The second brother waited and waited before he started out. The same thing happened to him. The young brother waited and waited but they did not return. So he decided to try his fortune. He met the same woman. She asked for something to eat. The boy gave her food. The woman who was a good witch told him that for his kindness he could have a wish. The boy's wish was to find his brothers. They lived with each other the rest of their lives. After that Dummy was called Little Brother.

CAROLYN WILSON,
Grade III.



THE SLIDE (Grades III & IV)

TWO GIRLS IN FAIRYLAND

Once upon a time, there were two little girls named Mary and Jane. They were both nine years old. Mary had brown hair and brown eyes; Jane had black hair and black eyes. One day when Jane and Mary were tired of playing dolls, Mary said, "Let's go into the woods and play." So Jane agreed. After they had been in the woods a little while, Jane said, "We should be going home now for it's getting awfully dark." But when they tried to find their way home, they found themselves hopelessly lost. So they thought maybe if they sat down under a tree, someone would come and find them. Mary and Jane went off into a deep sleep.

When they woke up, they heard music and saw some tiny people all dancing in a circle. Jane said, "Maybe they are Fairies!" And that is exactly what they were. Suddenly all the fairies disappeared except one who was the Fairy Prince! The prince told them to shut their eyes. The next thing they knew, they were in Fairyland. Then the prince

changed them into the size of fairies, and led them to the fairy castle. It was made of marble with gold doors and had silver window sills, velvet rugs, and satin curtains. There was gold furniture too. The two little girls were fascinated with the wonderful things. After Mary and Jane had been through the castle, the prince asked them if they'd like something to eat. So Jane said that they would.

They went out into the garden and had tea. They had fruit, milk, and tiny cakes and cookies. At fifteen o'clock, (Fairy Time), they decided to go home. They went out into the outside world again. The prince changed them into their own size. They thanked him very much for the wonderful time in Fairyland. Then the prince said, "Fit, tit, tit, tit, tat." Then he was gone.

That night Jane said to Mary, "Mary, I think I should like to go back to Fairy Land some day." Mary agreed.

SHARON HOYLE,
Grade IV.

THE LITTLEST RABBIT

Once there were three rabbits. Jack was the biggest, Floppy was middle-sized and Bobtail was the littlest. While Bobtail got up in the morning, the other two just lay there lazily. When breakfast was ready, Jack commanded him, "Go and get the water." Little Bobtail went and got the water. When he was at the well, he looked down and all of a sudden Floppy pushed him. When he hit the bottom, he felt something soft. Then he saw a little man who said, "I've been waiting for you. Come in and make my bed."

So Bobtail went in and made the bed and got the supper. He did this for three days and then the little man thanked him and said good-bye. As Bobtail went out, a shower of carrots and gold fell at his feet and he picked most of the gold and carrots. He decided he would not go home. He stayed in that country and there he raised a family.

DAPHNE DUNCANSON,
Grade IV.

THE BEAR ON OUR ISLAND A TRUE STORY

Last year there was a baby bear cub on our island at the lake. This is how I happened to see it. My friend Leslie and I were walking to the beach when we heard a rustle in the woods and saw a baby bear cub. He was small and fat with brown fur. When he saw us, he ran away. Later that afternoon, Bill, our boat boy, went out to empty the garbage and he saw it too. The mother had been shot on Coney Island a few days before. We looked and looked, but we never saw our cub again.

CAROL ANNE FIELDS,
Grade III.

THE SNOW

The snow is falling all around,
It floats so softly to the ground,
It covers the beautiful country-side,
So we can go for a long sleigh ride.

DAPHNE DUNCANSON,
Grade IV.

THE FLOWERS' PICNIC

The flowers had a picnic,
Which was a great success.
They had much fun,
But didn't make a mess.
The rabbits who shared their Easter Eggs,
Were very happy indeed;
For they had shared their Easter Eggs,
And gladly gathered seed.
The flowers went back to their palace home,
For there they would ever want to roam.

JOANNE WILSON,
Grade V.

THE MAGIC LEAF

Once upon a time, there was a little boy and there was a little girl whose names were Larry and Laura. They lived on the edge of a wood.

One day as they were sitting on a stone doing nothing, the leaf Larry happened to be looking at, began to move. Larry thought he was dreaming and pinched himself. The leaf started to talk and it cried out, "Pick me, pick me."

Now Larry was very excited and he picked the leaf. He told his sister that he had found a magic leaf. At first she didn't believe him. So Larry told her to make a wish. She wished to go to Fairyland, and her wish was granted.

Their trip to Fairyland was fun. A breeze came along and sent them spinning. They both shut their eyes, and when they opened them, they were in Fairyland. First they looked to see if they still had the leaf and they did. They didn't know that the leaf was the Prince of the Fairies in disguise. He said that he could change back into his own self again. The children were very much surprised at this saying. He did it, and they went to visit his castle. His father and mother were very nice, and so was everyone in the castle. After a while it was time to go home and the children thanked the King and Queen. The breeze came around and took them home again.

Some day they hope to visit Fairyland again. Just think, if Larry hadn't been looking at the leaf, this would never have happened.

FAITH WILSON,
Grade IV.

A SKATING DREAM

Margot was very keen on skating. She was practicing very hard for the carnival chorus in which she was taking part. It was a Will-o'-the Wisp dance.

Margot liked to watch the older girls practise their parts. Mary Douglas was her favourite skater. She had the main part and had a wonderful glittering white satin costume. How Margot wished she could be Mary.

At last the great day came. Margot's part was just over. She was sitting down resting after her chorus and she felt very sleepy. Suddenly she looked up and saw the president of the carnival committee standing before her.

"Come, Margot, hurry and get into Mary's costume. You have watched Mary practise, and I think you know the part! Please! Hurry! Mary has hurt herself and can't skate."

Margot thought, "Oh! If only I could! I know I could do it. But maybe I couldn't skate with a crowd."

"Well, Mr. Smith, I think that maybe I could do it. Of course, not as well as Mary."

"Hurry, then Margot, it is nearly time for you to act."

"Yes, I'll hurry, Mr. Smith."

Margot was fourteen, and very pretty. She looked lovely in the White Satin!

She was just finishing her act when the crowd suddenly began to clap. It was so startling it made her fall, but she quickly stood up, curtsied, and gracefully glided off the ice. She could still hear the clapping when she came out to do a curtsey, for the people had shouted "encore!" What a perfect success!

With that Margot woke up to find it was all a dream.

"Oh, I have been sleeping and the clapping I heard was the crowd clapping for Mary! And to think I thought it was true. I wish I could skate like that really. But if I go on skating and practising, some day maybe I'll be a real Queen."

Yes, Margot, keep at it and some day you'll be a real star.

JUDY BONNYCASTLE,
Grade V.

DISPLAY OF DANCING AND GYMNASTICS

With the singing of O Canada, Balmoral Hall opened its programme of Gymnastics and Dancing at the Playhouse Theatre on May 18th.

Over one hundred and fifty girls took part in this demonstration which completed a year's training under the direction of Mr. Per Thorsen.

The exercises performed by Grades II to VI were selected largely for their effect on flexibility and control of the spine. Spinal control, the girls are taught, is the basis of good posture, and good posture is the final objective of their physical training classes. Grade X presented rhythmic exercises on a three inch balance beam and these were followed by Gymnastic Varieties.

In the second half of the gymnastic programme the audience was shown the progression made between elementary and advanced rhythmic movements—this was illustrated by Basic movements presented by Grade VII and Wand Rhythm by Grade XI.

On this same evening, Mrs. Betty Farrally, assisted by Miss K. Bird directed Balmoral Hall's first dancing display. Solo numbers were performed by Ann Jennings, Judy Hanson and Diane White.



JUDY SMITH

ALL FOR A DRINK OF WATER

"Jean, are you awake?"
 "Sh! What do you want?"
 "A drink of water. Will you come with me?"
 "No, Marie, I'd be scared."
 "Oh, come on, there's nothing to be afraid of—besides I'm parched."

"Oh, all right, but don't wake the others."

The two girls slipped out of bed, tiptoed to the door of the cabin and out into the dark, moonless night.

"What time is it, Jean?"

"I can't see my watch, but it must be after midnight. My, it's black out here and 'scarey'."

The two girls were walking quickly toward the cookhouse by this time, when suddenly—

"Marie!! Did you see that?"

"No, I didn't see anything. What did you see?"

"A light flashed across the cookhouse window. There it is again. Oh! Marie, there's somebody in there."

"Maybe, I'm not as thirsty as I thought I was. Let's go back!"

"Well, wait for me!"

The two girls ran back to the cabin and sprang into their beds, pulling the sheets up over their heads. They had been lying still for a few minutes, getting their breath, when Marie turned to Jean and whispered:

"Jean, there's somebody outside."

"Yes, somebody's coming this way. Oh, Marie, what shall we do?"

"If anyone comes in, let's be ready. Take one of your shoes."

Marie jumped off the bed and tiptoed to the door, followed by a very frightened Jean. They stationed themselves one on either side of the door, each with a shoe held in her hand above her head.

The door slowly opened and as the culprit stepped in, they brought their weapons down on the person's head.

"What do you think you're doing?" asked a familiar voice and Marie's flashlight shone on the surprised and horrified face of their camp leader.

PATRICIA BUSBY,
 Grade VII.

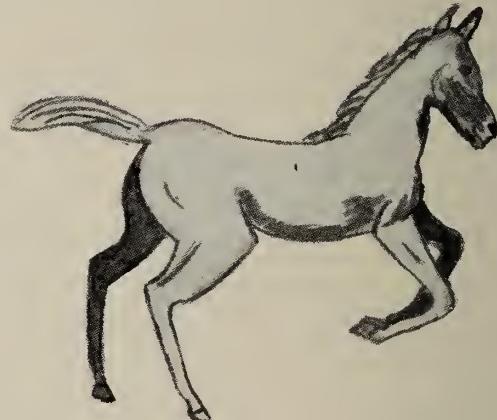
GAYLAD AND THE APPLES

The old pasture gate swung open with a loud creak. Patsy Welsh gave a long, low whistle to summon her pony Gaylad. It was a lovely spring morning and Patsy wanted to go riding. When Gaylad didn't come, she began to grow suspicious and ran quickly down to the pasture to make sure that she had closed the orchard gate.

Yes, it was shut. What a relief! Without any further thought she ran towards the garden, hoping to find him there. Gaylad wasn't there either. Despairingly she whistled again; this time she whistled very loudly and rather off tune. Her whistle was not in vain. A loud neigh came from the orchard. Patsy was overjoyed.

She realized that she had completely forgotten about the broken rail at the west end of the orchard fence. When she got back to the pasture gate, she saw Gaylad running down the field with apple seeds dripping from his mouth. He had jumped back over the broken rail when he heard her whistle, but had grabbed a last apple and was now eating it.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON,
 Grade VII.



JILL KILGOUR

We have a big yellow cat at our house. Her name is Taffy. She eats and sleeps all the time. I wonder why.

ANITA URQUHART,
 Grade I.



The Kindergarten

I play ball.
I work, too.
I live in a house.
I like school.
I am happy.

CAROLE OSBORNE,
Grade I.

There once was a Valentine. She had a pretty house. One day she went for a walk with her best dress on and she had pretty shoes on too. She met a nice Valentine boy with his best suit on. Then they decided to get married, and they lived happily ever after.

KATHERINE KAUFMANN,
Grade II.

Miau-Miau said the cat,
Bow-wow, bow-wow said the dog,
He-ha, He-ha said the donkey,
Sooh-sooh said the farmer,
Caw-caw, Caw-caw said the crow.
What did they all say?
Miau-Miau
Bow-wow, bow-wow
He-ha, He-ha
Sooh-sooh
Caw-caw, Caw-caw.

MARGARET COOPER,
Grade II.

I like to jump and run.
I like to go to school.
And I like to work and play too.

ELIZABETH COOPER,
Grade I.

BRITISH GUIANA

I live in Georgetown, British Guiana. British Guiana is in South America. Georgetown is the capital of British Guiana. Mackenzie, where I used to live, is sixty-five miles up the river from Georgetown.

Our house is built on large poles. We have tar wells around the bottom, to keep the insects out of the house. All the windows are screened in. We have blinds we pull down between twelve-thirty and two, so that the chairs won't fade.

We have to rest at this time of the day because it gets so hot. It gets so hot that we cannot do anything. About three-thirty to four-thirty we go swimming or go bicycle riding. We have three servants. Their names are Ada, Evelyn and Clara. Ada and Evelyn clean the house. Clara cooks the meals. Sometimes Evelyn looks after Virginia and me. They are all very nice.

We have three guest rooms. Virginia and I each have our own rooms. We have a large dining room and living room downstairs. We also have a large garden with a tennis court.

Last year Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone visited Mackenzie. They visited the mines and Echols High School. They stayed in Wataoka Guest House. When it was time for them to go, a big ship came up the river to get them. It was the first time a big ship had come up the river. It had flags flying. Princess Alice had a lady-in-waiting. She was very pretty. It was a great sight to see the ship come and go.

ELIZABETH ECHOLS,
Grade V.

POST CARDS

When my mother and father are away,
I get too many post cards that just say,
"Having a *wonderful* time, my dear,
A lovely time, but I wish *you* were here."

DIANE GRINDLEY,
Grade VII.

We are going to see the Easter Rabbit.
And there are going to be little yellow chickens
and little rabbits.

KAREN ZOLTOK,
Grade I.

I am going to my skating lesson today.
I hope it will be fun.

PATRICIA McMAHON,
Grade I.

I have a cat. His name is Krisp.
He is orange.
He plays outside.
He likes to play outside.
I like my cat.

CITA ROBLIN,
Grade I.

THE MAGIC ELF

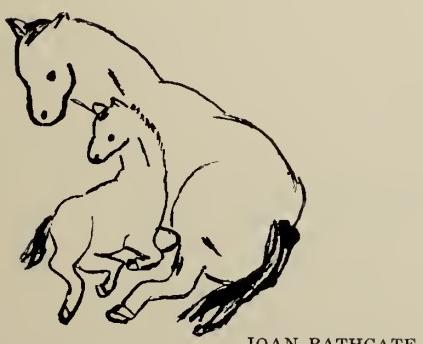
Once upon a time there lived an elf whose name was Magic Elf. The elf was a kind fellow. One day when he was walking through a garden, he saw a cat sneaking up on a bird. The bird was eating a worm and did not see him. The elf knew it was up to him to save the bird. It was a long way to where the cat and bird were, at least, for an elf. So the Magic Elf sprinkled some magic powder on a leaf and it became larger and larger and suddenly it flew over to the cat and bird. Then Magic Elf said some magic words and the cat disappeared, but re-appeared again at the other side of the garden. By this time the bird had realized what was going on and had flown up into a tree. Then it came down and thanked the little elf. When the bird asked him if he could do anything for him, the elf asked him to warn the other birds about the wicked cat. From then on the cat never came back to the garden because the birds were always on the watch.

DIANA SHEPPARD,
Grade IV.

THE COLT

There was a little colt,
Who always liked to jolt,
He sometimes liked to sway,
And then to run away.

GAIL ALLMAN,
Grade IV.



Oh! I am a little Valentine,
I have come to visit you.
I can only stay a little while,
I have other things to do.

MARGARET COOPER,
Grade II.

THE FLOOD OF 1950

We live on Victoria Crescent in St. Vital. When the flood started to rise on Victoria Crescent, it rose first at the Big Tree, then on Victoria Row, and then at Kirby's. One day I put on knee boots and went out on the cement. The water came a quarter of an inch from the top. The next day I put on hip-waders and went out on the cement. The water came a quarter of an inch from the top. I left on Sunday for the home of my aunt and uncle who lived on Elm Park Road. The following Thursday we went to the Royal Alexandra Hotel. When my father left, the water was up to the doorknob. As soon as the men took the pumps out of the house, it filled with water. My father, at the end, had eight pumps working! We did not get back into our house until November!

GAIL ALLMAN,
Grade IV.

I live in a house.
I like to play cowboys.
I like to work at school.
I like to play at school.

JONATHAN SHEPPARD,
Grade I.

I rode a horse when I was away. I have two kittens at home. One is black and white and one is brown. One is named Winkie and one is named Brons. I swam when I was away.

SHONAGH SMITH,
Grade I.

The snowflakes are falling,
So soft and so white.
I hope they keep falling,
From morning to night.

KATHERINE KAUFMANN,
Grade II.



Frances Macfarland
MOONLIGHT



Daphne Hanson
WINTER



Jane Savage
RUSHING RIVER



Louise Albertsen
THE TURKEY FARM



JANET BLEEKS—Sports Captain.

SPORTS REPORT 1950-1951

TRACK AND FIELD

The first event in the games world at Balmoral Hall this year, was our Sports Day. Everyone from Grades I to XII participated in the meet, and great enthusiasm and keen competition were apparent to all. Wheelbarrow and obstacle races, hurdles and shots made up the events for the Junior Competition. The winner of this class was Diana Sheppard, Grade IV. The Intermediate Competition was more difficult. In addition to races like those in the Junior Competition, there was also a sack race. Dawna Duncan, Grade VIII, was our Intermediate Champion. In the Senior Competition Kathy Wood was the champion. Braemar won top honours, with Craig Gowan following close behind.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Everyone was enthusiastic about a tennis tournament this fall except the weather man. Only one player, Diane Fraser, was able to fight her way to the semi-finals, leaving behind her, in the second round, seven other very capable players.

THE PING-PONG TOURNAMENT

This tournament began early in January under the leadership of Diane Fraser and Diana Morton. Active interest was taken in the competition, and all the Houses were well represented. Hope Wilmot was the Junior Champion and Gail Brooking was the Intermediate Champion. The Senior Competition was a close one. Diane Fraser edged out Cathy Young in three hard-fought games to become Senior Champion. Craig Gowan and Braemar tied for first place with a total of 34 points. Ballater was second with thirty points and Glen Gairn was third.

THE SKATING RACES

Thursday morning, January 18th dawned crisp and cold. At Balmoral Hall everyone was greeted with, "Did you bring your skates?" This was the day for the skating races. Many girls entered, and spirits were high even though the temperature on all the thermometers was very low. Moira Morrison won the Senior Event, Nancy Green the Intermediate Event, and Sally Blanchard the Junior Event. Glen Gairn skated away with the honours.

HOUSE BASKETBALL

Basketball games were all played with Girls' Rules. There was keen spirit and friendly competition among the Houses. Everyone in the Houses from Grades VII to XII was given an opportunity to show her skill. Ballater captured the Basketball Championship in a game against Craig Gowan.

VOLLEYBALL

The first year of Balmoral Hall was also the first year, for some, to play in a city league. Only a Senior Team entered, but we hope a Junior Team will compete in the future. There were some very exciting games. Our two star players were Annie Lou Ormiston and Sally Dangerfield. It was good fun and we gained a great deal in experience.

BASKETBALL

This year the Grade X's and XI's (Junior and Senior Teams) tried their luck playing Boys' Rules in Basketball, and in February entered the School League. Our first game was an exhibition match with Gordon Bell. Nervousness made us forget many of the plays we had been taught. The Juniors, however, won their game against Gordon Bell Juniors that same afternoon. Both teams played well in this league and although we had several losses, we had also some exciting triumphs. It was a very beneficial Basketball year for all of us, and the credit is due to Miss Robertson, our coach.

THE GRADES VII, VIII AND IX BASKETBALL TEAM

This team played games with St. Mary's Academy. Annie Lou Ormiston and Janet Bleeks were the coaches, and games were played at St. Mary's Academy and at Balmoral Hall. The visiting team was served refreshments after each game.

The sports year has been a full one and great things have been achieved. May I take this opportunity to thank Miss Robertson, the House Heads, all who helped with this report, and especially the House Sports Captains for their generous assistance this year.

JANET BLEEKS, Sports Captain.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

BACK ROW (left to right)—Cathy Young, Judy Patton, Lois Macdonald, Joan Sheppard, Marianne Bullock, Frances Macfarland, Diana Nanton, Lorna Craig.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—In Huehn, Teresa Thain, Claire McCallum, Jane Gladstone.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

(Left to right)—Annie Lou Ormiston, Mary Hope McInnis, Wendy Smith, Diana Morton, Diane Fraser, Carla Ann Stewart, Janet Bleeks, Moira Morrison, Katharine Wood, Johanne Wintemute, Helen Grant, Sally Dangerfield.



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

BACK ROW (left to right)—Katharine Wood, Helen Grant, Sally Dangerfield, Donna Patterson, Johanne Wintemute, Barbara Parliament.

MIDDLE ROW (left to right)—Carla Ann Stewart, Diane Fraser, Annie Lou Ormiston, Mary Hope McInnis, Diana Morton.

FRONT ROW—Janet Bleeks.



GRADES VII, VIII and IX BASKETBALL

BACK ROW (left to right)—Joan Davidson, Nancy Bleeks, Diana Duncan, Eve Riley, Muriel Edmonds, Gail Brooking.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Pat Benham, Judy Spence, Jane Savage, Gladys Ward, Suzanne Flood, Jill Kilgour, Nora Ann Richards, Dawna Duncan, Nancy Green.

Balmoral Hall



School 1950-51



Graduates



JOYCE BURNELL

Joyce can always be found crocheting and knitting. Quiet and sincere. Joyce plans to become a nurse.

WENDY SMITH

Editor of the School Magazine and Class President of Grade XI. Wendy is vivacious brunette with a boisterous laugh. Noted for oil painting, mumps, and chicken pox, Wendy plans to study Interior Design.

JOHANNE WINTEMUTE

Balmoral Hall's First Head Girl. Johanne finds time to sketch for the Home Ec. Room. Often seen with "taped" glasses, Johanne always thinks of something to say at the very moment Miss Shepley speaks. Johanne is a Basketball and Volleyball enthusiast.

KATHERINE VLASSIE

The proud aunt of Andy. She possesses an unusually sunny disposition. Katherine is noted for her Monday morning jokes and for "But . . . but . . . but!" in class. She's a lassie with a "V".

ANNIE LOU ORMISTON

Prefect of Ballater. "Dexter", "6'2", with eyes of blue, has been our high-scoring Basketball star this year. Noted for her famous Volleyball spikes, Dexter is everyone's friend.

A boarder from Moline, Manitoba.

HELEN GRANT

Captain of the Senior Basketball Team. Helen is outstanding at Volleyball, Basketball and Baseball. She also excels in the lab, and is noted for her unusual spelling!

DONNA PATTERSON

Prefect of Glen Gairn. A kind and generous personality, Donna is the only girl in the class who really knows how to work. She is noted for her dynamic Volleyball serves. Some day Donna will have her M.D.

DORIS TUCKER

Quiet, thoughtful and kind. Doris excels in shellwork, leatherwork and clay-work. She is fond of animals, especially "Gophers!" Doris wants to attend business college to become a stenographer.

LYNN REDMOND

Sports Captain of Glen Gairn. Lynn is the quiet blonde of Grade XII—that is, in class—but in the boarding-school, she shoots a mean water pistol. Lynn plans to study Interior Design at the University of Manitoba.

CATHERINE ROBERTSON

Our outstanding figure skater. Cathy can always be seen knitting those skating skirts. With her ambition to be a millionaire, she takes life as it comes and manages to pull through exams without too much studying.





DIANE FRASER

Alias "Little Menace". Diane has a mania for fresh air. She takes an active interest in all sports, (with or without bandage). Also interested in "Art", Diane plans to study physio and occupational therapy.

KATHARINE WOOD

Our Eaton's Junior Council Representative. "Woody" has an infectious laugh that amuses everyone. She has difficulty arranging it so she can miss that History test and turn up for Basketball after four. Her future plans do not include working in the hanky department at Eaton's.

MOIRA MORRISON

Head of Glen Gairn. Moira, an enthusiastic Basketball player, is also interested in swimming, skating and golfing. She spends her time waiting for the Tuesday mail. Next year Moira plans to do Physical Education at the University of British Columbia.

MARY HOPE McINNIS

Head of Ballater. "Puddy" is a talented musician and a girl with a vivacious personality. She keeps Grade XI gay. "Puddy" plans to take Home Ec. at Manitoba next year.

BARBARA PARLIAMENT

One of our school musicians. Barb. has worked hard at getting advertisements for the school magazine. Known for her expression, "You're making me noivous," Barb is our Volleyball star who always leaves us laughing.

DIANA MORTON

Prefect of Craig Gowan. Morty is a cheerful, young lass with dramatic ability envied by all. She also has unusual ideas about temperature. Morty is a great asset to the School Council and to the Basketball and Volleyball Teams.

GERALDINE SCHOEPP

A school Prefect and business manager for the Magazine. Geri is famous for making the Juniors drink milk—right, Carol? Her pet peeve is going to bed and then having to get up again. Geri plans to be a nurse.

SALLY DANGERFIELD

Head of Braemar. An outstanding Guide, Sally is also a star at Basketball and Volleyball. Sally plans to take Science at the University of Manitoba.

JANET BLEEKS

Popular School Sports Captain. Denny's favourite comment, "I don't see it." Friendly and sincere, Denny plans to take Home Ec. at Fort Garry.

MARGARET LOUGHEED

Head of Craig Gowan. Margaret's main interest is music, as may readily be seen by Bach and Chopin, her two stuffed animals. She finds it hard to decide between house games and practising, but the practising usually wins out. Margaret plans to study nursing.

CARLA ANN STEWART

Our wee friend at the back of the room. Liked by everyone, Carla is a great asset to the Volleyball and Basketball teams. Carla plans to be future secretary of Canada's Prime Minister.



BALMORAL HALL CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1950

- Mon. Sept. 4 Labour Day.
 Tues. Sept. 5 Boarders arrive.
 Wed. Sept. 6 Opening Prayers: Canon R. J. Pierce, Rev. H. A. Frame. The good ship "Balmoral Hall" is launched.
 Wed. Sept. 13 School Prayers: Rev. H. A. Frame.
 Mon. Sept. 18 School Uniform is worn.
 Wed. Sept. 27 School Prayers: Rev. A. R. Husband.
 Tues. Oct. 3 Reception of Parents by the Headmistress.
 Mon. Oct. 9 Thanksgiving Holiday.
 Wed. Oct. 11 Alumnae Prayers.
 Mon. Oct. 16 Track and Field Day Finals.
 Fri. Oct. 27 Senior Hallowe'en Party.
 Tues. Oct. 31 Kindergarten, Junior and Intermediate Hallowe'en Parties.
 Wed. Nov. 1 All Saints' Day: Commemoration Service at St. John's Cathedral. St. John's Convocation.
 Fri. Nov. 10 Remembrance Day Service: Canon L. F. Wilmot.
 Fri. Nov. 17 St. John's Ravenscourt Party for Senior Boarders.
 Wed. Nov. 22 Mothers' Auxiliary Tea.
 Wed. Nov. 29 Alumnae Associations Amalgamate.
 Thurs. Dec. 7 Christmas Examinations begin.
 Fri. Dec. 15 Christmas Examinations end.
 Kindergarten and Junior School Christmas Parties.
 Sun. Dec. 17 Christmas Party for Staff, Prefects and Boarders.
 Mon. Dec. 18 Christmas Carol Service: Rev. H. A. Frame, Canon L. F. Wilmot.
 Tues. Dec. 19 End of Term.

SPRING TERM, 1951

- Tues. Jan. 9 Boarders return.
 Wed. Jan. 10 Opening Prayers.
 Wed. Jan. 17 The names of the School Houses are announced: Braemar, Craig Gowan, Ballater, Glen Gairn.
 Thurs. Jan. 18 Speed Skating Competition.
 Tues. Jan. 30 Vocational Guidance Lecture — "Interior Design" by Mr. E. N. Weldon.
 Wed. Feb. 7 Ash Wednesday. Prayers: Rev. W. G. Burch.
 "It's Fun to Draw". Grades VII and VIII visit CBW Studio.

- Wed. Feb. 21 School Prayers: Dr. J. L. McInnis.
 Thurs. Feb. 22 Presentation of Head Girl's Pin.
 Fri. Feb. 23 Ice Cycles for the Boarders.
 Tues. Feb. 27 Mothers' Auxiliary Open Meeting: Address on Home and School Association by Mr. R. R. Robertson.
 Wed. Feb. 28 School Prayers: Very Rev. J. O. Anderson.
 Mon. Mar. 5 Minneapolis Symphony Concert for Schools.
 Fri. Mar. 9 Junior League Play: "Heather and Feather" Grades III-VI.
 School Plays: Grade IX: The Ghost Story. Grade VII: The Stolen Prince. Grade VIII: A Lonely Little Girl.
 Sat. Mar. 10 School Plays: Grade VII: The Stolen Prince. Grade X North: The House with the Twisty Windows. Grade X South: Homework.
 Wed. Mar. 14 School Prayers: Rev. J. Blewett. Gymnastics Competition.
 Sat. Mar. 17 Balmoral Hall Guide Company's Shamrock Tea.
 Wed. Mar. 21 School Prayers: Rev. A. R. Husband.
 Aptitude and Mental Ability Tests for Grades VII-XII.
 End of Term Assembly.

SUMMER TERM, 1951

- Tues. Apr. 3 Boarders return.
 Wed. Apr. 4 Opening Prayers.
 Fri. Apr. 6 Prefects' Dance for Grades X, XI, XII and Alumnae.
 Mon. Apr. 9 School Choir sings in the Manitoba Musical Festival.
 Wed. Apr. 11 Grade XI Examinations begin.
 Mon. Apr. 16 School Examinations begin.
 Fri. Apr. 20 School Examinations end.
 Sat. May 12 Home Economics Fashion Show.
 Fri. May 18 Gymnastic and Dancing Demonstration at the Playhouse.
 Fri. June 2 Lilac and Mission Tea and Exhibition of School Art.
 Thurs. June 14 School Closing and Graduation Exercises in the Civic Auditorium. Graduation Dance in the evening at the School.

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- ANDERSON, DIANE
1013 Warsaw Ave. - - - 425 966
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69 Middlegate - - - - 724 121
- BATHGATE, NANCY
69 Middlegate - - - - 724 121
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251 Oxford St. - - - - 401 447
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738 Thirteenth Ave., W., Calgary
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484 Wellington Cres. - - - 49 622
- BLEEKS, NANCY
484 Wellington Cres. - - - 49 622
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728 South Drive, Fort Garry - 41 241
- BONNYCASTLE, JUDY
728 South Drive, Fort Garry - 41 241
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234 Oxford St. - - - - 402 561
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Moline, Manitoba
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100 Hertford Blvd. - - - 61 683
- BUSBY, PATRICIA
211 Hertford Blvd. - - - 61 576
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Winnipeg, Manitoba - - - - 502 577
- CAMERON, SHIRLEY
171 St. Anne's Rd. - - - - 202 611
- CAMPBELL, DARLENE
Box 187, Carberry, Manitoba
- CARR, JUDY
203 Elm St. - - - - - 402 264
- CARROLL, ANN
165 Leighton Ave., E.K. - - - 501 606
- CASWELL, ARLENE
Sioux Lookout, Ontario
- CHESTER, LEONE
2091 Portage Ave.
- CHRISTOPHERSON, SEONAI
1461 Wellington Cres. - - - 402 908
- CONNACHER, ANN
250 Dromore Ave. - - - - 46 016
- COOPER, MARGARET
1027 Dorchester Ave. - - - 444 633
- COOPER, ELIZABETH
1027 Dorchester Ave. - - - 444 633
- COUSENS, LYNNE
989 McMillan Ave. - - - - 424 410
- CRAIG, LORNA
222 Oxford St. - - - - 403 623
- CROSS, CAROL
Box 581, Kenora, Ont.
- CLARK, PENNY
351 Yale Ave. - - - - 49 492
- DANGERFIELD, SALLY
275 Yale Ave. - - - - 425 800
- DAVIDSON, JOAN
472 Waverley St. - - - - 404 783
- DAVIES, MICHAEL
136 Lawndale Ave.
- DICK, MARINA
320 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 45 507
- DICK, SANDRA
320 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 45 507
- DONEGAN, SHELAGH
248 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 41 921
- DOUGLAS, CAROLYN
301 Montrose St. - - - - 401 735
- DRYDEN, DONNA
Ste. 15, B. Town House Apts. 931 664
- DUNCAN, DAWNA
Norquay, Saskatchewan
- DUNCAN, DIANA
Norquay, Saskatchewan
- DUNCANSON, DAPHNE
241 Yale Ave. - - - - - 41 318

DUNCANSON, ANDREW		
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874 Wellington Cres.	- - - - -	401 727
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Fort Whyte, Manitoba	- - - - -	422 351
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Miami, Manitoba		
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357 Borebank St.	- - - - -	403 959
FIELDS, CAROL ANNE		
265 Kingsway Ave.	- - - - -	44 666
FLOOD, SUZANNE		
119 Handsart Blvd.	- - - - -	65 546
FRASER, DIANE		
233 Yale Ave.	- - - - -	49 022
GENSER, ROBERTA		
280 Harvard Ave.	- - - - -	49 874
GLADSTONE, JANE		
289 Elm St.	- - - - -	402 754
GONICK, RUTH		
75 Cordova St.	- - - - -	403 835
GOSSLING, MAVIS		
49 Oak St.	- - - - -	401 441
GRANT, HELEN		
St. Adolphe, Man.		
— GREEN, DAVID		
153 Monck Ave.	- - - - -	422 065
— GREEN, HILARY		
153 Monck Ave.	- - - - -	422 065
GREEN, NANCY ANN		
Fort Frances, Ontario		
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139 Girton Blvd.	- - - - -	62 795
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Minaki, Ontario		
HANNA, ROSEMARY		
305 Kingston Cres.	- - - - -	204 332
HANSON, DAPHNE		
225 Hertford Blvd.	- - - - -	62 784
HANSON, JUDY		
225 Hertford Blvd.	- - - - -	62 784
— HARRIS, BARBARA ANN		
125 Handsart Blvd.	- - - - -	61 072
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51 Arlington St.		
— HAYMAN, CAROL		
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— HOYLE, SHARON		
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459 Churchill Drive	- - - - -	444 362
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34 Amherst St.	- - - - -	43 763
KILGOUR, GEILLS		
237 Oxford St.	- - - - -	403 418
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237 Oxford St.	- - - - -	403 418
— KNIGHT, CAROLYN		
61 Sherbrook St.	- - - - -	31 663
LANDON, EIRENE		
182 Church Ave.	- - - - -	594 757
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118 Handsart Blvd.	- - - - -	61 368
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6 O'Connor Drive, Toronto, Ont.		
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299 Cambridge St.	- - - - -	403 162
— MACFARLAND, FRANCES		
335 Oxford St.	- - - - -	402 953
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1125 Wellington Cres.	- - - - -	402 901
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121 Yale Ave.	- - - - -	44 232
— MACDONALD, LOIS		
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MCCULLOCH, CLARE		
144 Lawndale Ave.	- - - - -	424 163
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University of Manitoba	-	47 913
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244 Lipton St.	- - - - -	38 188
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Bird's Hill, Manitoba - - - - - 599 902	205 Grenfell Blvd. - - - - - 62 746
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1481 Wellington Cres. - - - - - 403 927	3052—Eighteenth Ave.,
— PROWSE, SHIRLEY	Regina, Sask.
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139 Harvard Ave. - - - - - 41 993	STEPHENSON, MARILYN
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— THOMSON, ELAINE 131 Handsart Blvd. - - - - - 61 384	WARD, GLADYS 2 McKim Block, Saskatoon, Sask.
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TRAVERS, MARTHA 110 Girton Blvd. - - - - - 62 702	WILSON, FAITH 183 Yale Ave. - - - - - 423 030
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URQUHART, ANITA 205 Montrose St. - - - - - 401 244	WOOD, KATHARINE 193 Oak St. - - - - - 402 413
— VINCENT, SANERA 240 Kingston Row - - - - - 202 823	— WRIGHT, MAXINE Sherridon, Manitoba.
— VINET, NOREEN 220 Young St. - - - - - 725 413	YOUNG, CATHERINE 830 Somerset Ave., F.G. - - - - - 41 746
	— ZOLTOK, KAREN 9 Elm Park Road - - - - - 202 656

Acknowledgements

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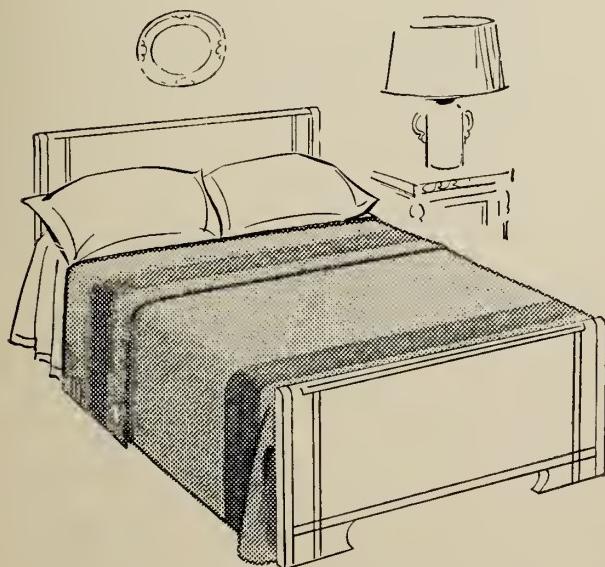
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What you ought to know about sugar

The white sugar of the household is a carbohydrate, an organic compound, containing carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and is called in chemistry, sucrose. Sucrose occurs in many vegetables and other plants, the most important of which are the sugar cane in the tropics and the sugar beet in temperate climates. It can be manufactured in different forms, ranging from the finest crystals to tablets and cubes. Regardless of appearance, it is, as long as of the same purity, the same sucrose, and the properties are modified in physical form only.

Notwithstanding these facts the story has been built up for years that the quality of beet sugar is inferior to cane sugar, or that cane sugar is sweeter than beet sugar. This argument is entirely without factual basis, because as said before, both white sugar from beets or cane are the same chemical compound. There are also rumors to the effect that beet sugar is inferior to cane sugar, or that cane sugar is sweeter than beet sugar. This is airborne and has nothing to do with beet or cane sugar. Any canned food, whether unsweetened or sweetened with any sugar will spoil if not sterilized properly.

It may also help in destroying these prejudices to mention that cane sugar has been practically unknown on the European continent since Napoleon, and only beet sugar is used for all purposes without any disadvantage as to quality, sweetness or anything else.

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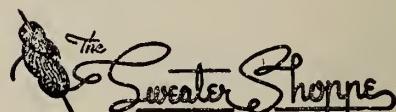
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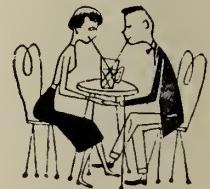
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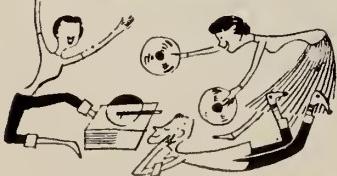
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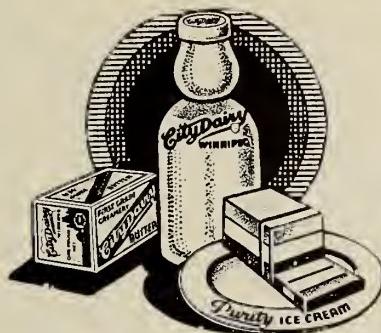
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